The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

NO. 2 LESSONS FOR MAY FEBRUARY 1941

The Cover

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

or

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

as it is known today was given by the people of France to the United States to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of American independence. The funds for the statue were raised by popular subscription in France.

The Statue was executed by Frederic A. Bartholdi, and is the largest one in the world. The work was intended to symbolize the historic friendship between the two republics and to typify the idea of freedom and brotherhood which underlies a republican form of government.

Only a few people are aware of the poetic inscription inside the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty written by Emma Lazarus:

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tost,
To me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

The statue stands on Bedloe Island, also known as Liberty Island, in New York Harbor.

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The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 28 FEBRUARY, 1941 No. 2

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Abraham Lincoln

Foully assassinated April 14, 1865
(From the **London Punch,** May 6, 1865)

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN'S bier;
You, who with mocking pencil won't to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please:

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for **you?**

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he;
Thirsty for gold nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt clear was liberty's and right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights.

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'bears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear.
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

Tribute To Abraham Lincoln

The great infidel, Robert G. Ingersoll, paid the following tribute to Abraham Lincoln:

"WE know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the center, from first to last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage and his patriotism.

"In passion's storm he stood, unmoved, patient, just and candid. In his brain there was no cloud, and in his heart no hate. He longed to save the South as well as North, to see the Nation one and free.

"He lived until the end was known.

"He lived until the Confederacy was dead—until Lee surrendered, until Davis fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the Republic was supreme.

"He lived until Lincoln and Liberty were united forever.

"He lived to cross the desert—to reach the palms of victory—to hear the murmured music of the welcome waves.

"He lived until all loyal hearts were his—until the history of his deeds made music in the souls of men—until he knew that on Columbia's Calendar of worth and fame his name stood first.

"He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

"What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

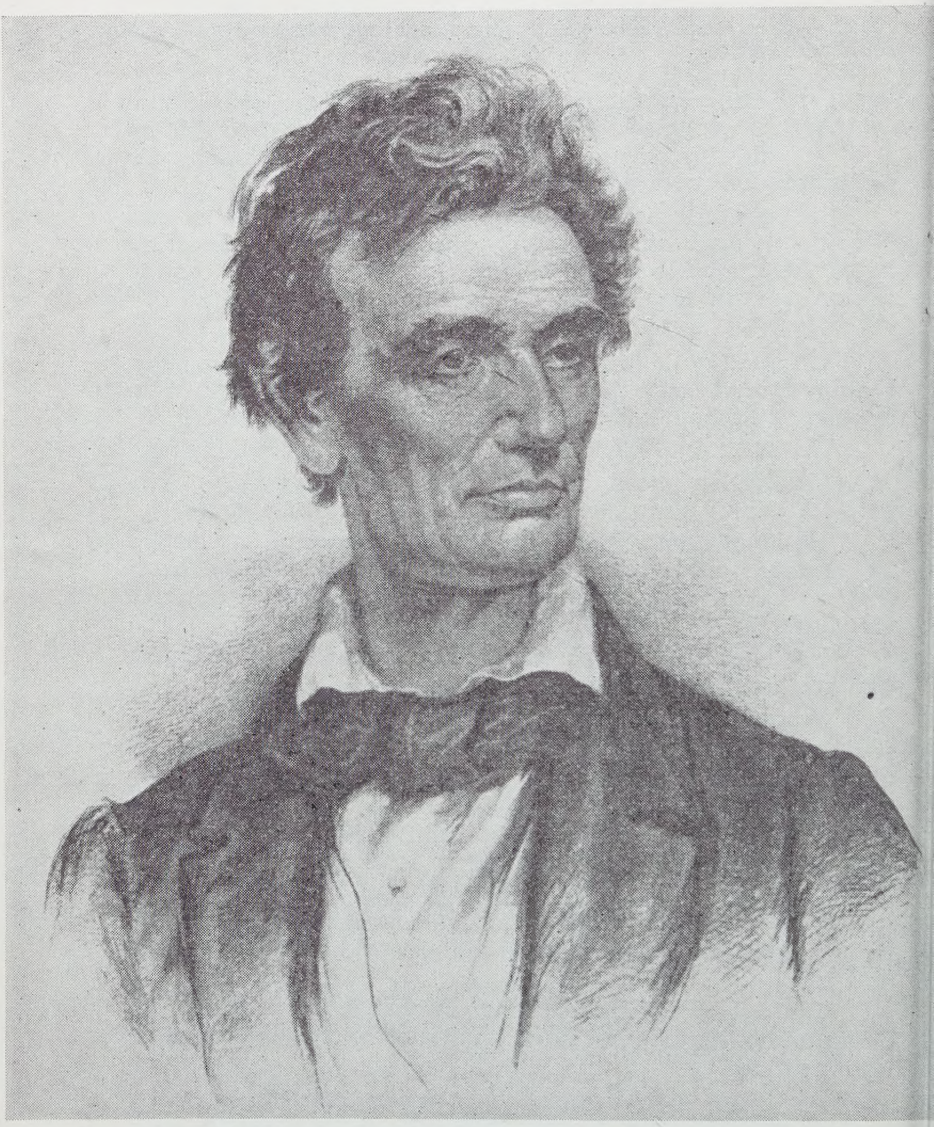
"He lived until he stood in the midst of universal Joy, beneath the outstretched wings of Peace—the foremost man in all the world.

"And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The Savior of the Republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had 'assured freedom to the free,' was dead.

"Upon his brow Fame placed the immortal wreath, and for the first time in the history of the world a Nation bowed and wept.

"The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath a Nation's flag."

From **Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln,** edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, which in turn was taken from the Dresden Edition of **The Complete Works of Robert Ingersoll.**



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a portrait taken from life by Charles A. Barry in Springfield, Illinois, June, 186

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. 28 FEBRUARY, 1941 No. 2

Woman's Centennial Congress

Julia A. F. Lund

A FITTING climax to the "woman's movement" of the last century was the Woman's Centennial Congress, held at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, November 25, 26, 27. This historic event was twofold in its purpose: first, to review the work of women and to do honor to the great women of the past; second, to provide an opportunity for women to "take stock of themselves"; to face the challenge to women of the world of today; to reexamine the role of women, their goals and the means which they wish to use to achieve these goals. Women realize that in every great crisis of history they have been a force in the thought and action growing out of the crisis. Never before has the responsibility been so great and the problems so momentous as at the present time.

Long and careful preparation was given to the Congress. The advice of experts in the various fields was sought, and women from all parts of the world were invited to relate their experiences. Representatives of all professions, walks and phases of life were listed among the sponsors. In addition to the women of distinguished service and the foreign guests, each state in the Union was allowed five delegates, chosen by a special delegate committee. In order to have a satisfactory working number, the delegate body was limited to three hundred. All the great organizations of women actively cooperated with the Congress. It was very fitting that the women of the Church be represented by the heads of two of their organizations—President Amy Brown Lyman for the Relief Society, who was also a delegate from the National Council of Women of the United States, and President Lucy Grant Cannon for the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Other delegates from Utah were Mrs. Burton W. Musser, Mrs. Arthur E. Graham, Mrs. E. M. Bagley, Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, and Mrs. E. O. Leatherwood.

There were many sub-committees responsible for working out the details. The two main committees were the Woman's National Committee with Carrie Chapman Catt as chairman, and the Men's Committee headed by Nicholas Murray Butler. The following statement was made by Doctor Butler: "Surely the meetings of this Woman's Centennial Congress will be followed with great interest throughout the country. It is to remind us that it

is one hundred years since a definitely organized movement began to give women not only an interest but participation in the guidance of public opinion and in the formation of public policy. The story of what has happened during those years is well known. The achievements of women in public service of every sort and kind have been in the highest degree remarkable, and this Congress will be hailed as marking the first long stage in the history of woman's new relationship to public policy and public life."

The registration on Monday afternoon was important, as the delegates were presented with the material necessary for study in order to be informed for participation in the discussions of the Commissions —the study groups of the Congress.

THE banquet, held in the grand ball room of the Hotel Commodore, was the formal opening of the Congress. A welcome to the foreign guests was extended by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, former minister to Norway. From her recent experiences in war-torn Europe, Mrs. Harriman was able to eloquently express the sentiments of American women to these women from the ends of the world. Five guest speakers responded to the subject, "I Speak to American Women." Mrs. Sung I-Chung, Professor of English at the University of Peking, spoke for China. Young, brilliant, well educated, she gave a very graphic account of the horrors of war. Beginning with the seizure of Manchuria, she traced the progress of Japan through China. She stated that the only training allowed the Chinese is for political bondage. The place of Chinese women in the conquered sections is the lowest possible. In addition to seizing control of all economic resources, the conquerors are seeking to destroy the Chinese people. The farmers are forced to raise opium, and this, with other narcotics, is cheap and made easily available. It is poisoning the common people, who in their misery resort to using it. The Japanese are forbidden under heavy penalty to use it.

But China is now unified as never before and is, like England, fighting for the freedom of the world. The Chinese women in the unconquered sections are doing a magnificent work under the leadership of their great women and are active in every phase of national life today.

Madame Genevieve Tabouis represented France. She was an older woman and spoke with a tragic note. Never before had her beloved country been so humiliated! She traced some of the underlying causes that led to its collapse. Perhaps French women had not always been keenly alive to their responsibilities, but they had led in the demonstrations against the invaders. She declared that the soul of France will not die, and out of the sorrows of the present will come a determination to help build a society which will not tolerate war and which will provide a better and fuller life for all. The women of France look to the women of America to keep the light burning—*that* will lead the way.

Mrs. George V. Ferguson spoke for Canada and the British Commonwealth of Nations. She was a very charming young woman who expressed deep appreciation for what the United States has done for her country. Women as well as men

are participating in "total war," for they are interested in everything concerned. She paid an inspiring tribute to the women of England and said Canada had freely chosen to work under their banner. She told of the war work of the Canadian women and their care of the refugee children. Drives for funds have always reached the quota, no matter what the privations of the people have been. A marvelous spirit of comradeship has developed. She concluded: "The ordeal by fire will not consume us! Canada is not interested in territorial claims or national boundaries but believes, as you did in a great war, that the world 'cannot endure half slave and half free.' Freedom is the stake for which she is fighting. That is why she can march by the side of England in war and work with the United States for peace—their ideals are one and the same."

Senora Ana Roas de Martinez Guerrero, of Argentina, was a member of the Inter-American Commission of Pan-American Women. Beautifully gowned, young and attractive, she spoke for all the women of Latin America, and made an eloquent plea for sympathy and understanding between nations. Women must do their part in overcoming nationalistic jealousies and in creating an informed public opinion and a solidarity of interest in all the Americas. The standard of living must be raised, and, by consuming the surpluses, malnutrition must be eliminated. Economic stability must first be achieved, for the salvation of democracy is, to a large extent, dependent upon the well-being of all the people.

Perhaps the most dramatic and tragic of all the foreign guests was Senora Isabel de Palencia, now a refugee in Mexico, but a true Spanish Loyalist. She traced the history of her unhappy country from the overthrow of the monarchy to the present. She said that the women of Spain were asleep, but at last they awoke, and the first act of the Republic was to grant rights to women. The strategic position of Spain attracted the politicians of Europe, and the Civil War was incited, followed by the alliance with Italy. The world did not understand Franco! The war in Spain was, in reality, not a Civil War but an invasion sponsored by other nations of Europe. The country was dominated by the troops of other nations. Today the suffering of the people is worse than it was during the war. Women are enduring great hardships; for example, in one prison camp alone one hundred and eighty-nine babies were born and christened in one month. Senora de Palencia said: "I am a woman with no *land*, no *people*, no *resources—yet I am full of hope!* I can still be a democrat, and that is too great an honor not to make some sacrifice to hold. Let us be unafraid and give ourselves to the new order of life!"

"I Speak For American Women" was the theme of Carrie Chapman Catt's response. It was appropriate that this veteran of more than eighty years should speak for the women of this nation. She referred to the status of so many of the women in the world today, with all rights and opportunities gone. To her, it seemed the whole meaning was "back for women." But she declared, "Well, I am not going back! We

have rights still, so let us use them to reestablish the rights of men!"

THERE were two general sessions where all the delegates met together. Round-table discussions were held, and subject matter of equal interest to the five Commissions was dealt with by experts. Questions were permitted from the floor. Realities which women must face about themselves and about the world as it *is* now and as it *might* be were considered. These meetings resolved themselves into "a conversation among experts." At the first of these sessions, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt acted as chairman; at the second, Judge Florence E. Allen presided.

"The Woman's Century—Looking Backward" was the subject of the entertainment presented on Tuesday evening, November 26. It was the most commemorative event of the Congress, recalling that one hundred years ago a small group of brave women started an organized movement against the subordinate and unequal position imposed upon them by law and custom. This was expressed in the form of "Eighteen Grievances and What Became of Them." Foremost among these grievances was the denial of women's right to the franchise, but they covered the whole field of her inferior status—economic, political, social, domestic and even religious. A group of students from Vassar College presented the "Grievances of 1840." This was followed by a statement of "Grievances of 1940." A very impressive feature was the introduction of the "Descendants of the Pioneers" and the "Roll Call of Careers—1840 and 1940." The spirit of the pageant was that "rights have been won, but responsibilities commensurate with freedom must now be undertaken." "May our character uphold our intellect."

Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, November 26 and 27, were devoted to the meetings of delegates for discussion under the guidance of the five Commissions of the Congress. The delegates were urged to give careful attention to the selection of the group they desired to join, to study the material given at the time of registration, to follow the same group through and participate actively in the discussions. The chairmen were experts in the selected fields—which covered the most vital problems of today.

Economic and Social Welfare

This group took as the general subject for consideration the economic challenge to American women, who have a very important job to perform in every field. They must preserve and strengthen the American way of life. Democracy has given them much; now they must give much in return, for privileges entail responsibilities. Women's organizations are educating them to participate effectively in solving the problems of our country. Social and governmental institutions have not kept abreast of the scientific and industrial developments, and grave problems have been created. In the economic, as in any other field, the first thing for women to do is to arm themselves with *facts*—learn what the problems are. Homemaking is still women's greatest job, but it must be considered in the light of present conditions. Machines

have changed the homemaker's whole life. *Women's Share of Wealth and Income, Women as Consumers and Purchasers, Women in Industry, Women in Education, the Professions and Social Welfare, Employment of Married Women, The Farm Women, Jobs and Wages,* and *The Use of the Legislative Tool* are only a few of the subjects considered by this group. As Florence Hemly Schneider said: "Women must merge their fight for the American way of life, which depends them, with the fight to make this life better. . . . To do this double job, women must be socially productive within and without the home. . . . Women can truly progress only when human and material resources are utilized as fully as possible. These resources can be developed to the full only through the cooperative efforts of all individuals and groups. . . . The women of today will take up this challenge even as did the women of a century ago. With equal courage of body and mind, they will face forward to the frontiers of the future."

The Education of Women

This group considered some of the most interesting material of the Congress. Looking at the list of subjects considered at the conference, it is evident that the education of women had an important place in all of the discussions. If it be true that woman's history is humanity's history, certainly woman's education is humanity's education. It must today have a meaning, a purpose, and be a vitalizing force in our democratic way of life. Each woman cannot make the same contribution to the democratic way of life, but she can make an important one, for democracy is maintained through the unique services rendered by all sorts of people under all sorts of conditions. Among the important objectives of education for women were listed personal development, including proper health habits, preparation for marriage and a home, preparation for earning a living, and preparation for citizenship. Not only technical skills and knowledge are needed, but also experience in the fundamentals of getting along with people. Much stress was laid on guidance in living, for guidance in *living* is even more important than guidance in *working*. Widespread education is the best weapon in the upward struggle of society, and this should include education in the constructive use of leisure time and in the development of the arts. The level of society is raised by raising the cultural level of all its members. Social service holds a vital place in any program of education in a democracy, for, in its broadest sense, the proper functioning of democratic government is social service.

In order to carry the new responsibilities, women need a broad understanding of social trends and problems. Some of the finest material submitted was from The Farm Women and The Women of Industry, who were very articulate in all sessions. Nora Piore, of the New York Women's Trade Union League, made the statement: "The faith that the educated citizen is the best safeguard of the democratic process, remains the basic assumption of workers education. . . . We long ago learned the truth of the saying: 'Man cannot live by bread alone' . . . so besides aiding our members

to gain a greater measure of the material comforts of life, we do all we can to make their lives fuller, gayer, and more cultured. . . . It is the primary function of worker's education to articulate the dreams and the hopes and the aspirations of American wage earners, and to guide the energy created by discontent, the evils of exploitation of industrial life into creative channels in such a way that they may contribute to the building of a safer, more secure and a more beautiful world." The objective of all the fine material submitted in this group might be summed up in the immortal words: "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." After all, this is the keynote of education in a democracy.

Ethical and Religious Values

This group had for special study, "Women Take Stock of Themselves." Some very interesting material upon the status of women in some of the great churches of the world was presented. The chairman of this Commission began her report with the statement that: "Religion must be definitely related to all educational values." Patriotism is not enough; ethics is not enough; "God's Kingdom is Wider." . . . "Our day calls for new insight and new courage." What the world needs above all else is religion. In the words of Gertrude C. Bussey: "In this day of spiritual darkness, it is peculiarly the obligation of women to set before our minds afresh the vision of a new world centered in the constructive task of giving to all the experiences and opportunities for growth which we desire for our own families. Yet mere vision is not enough. No dream, however beautiful, can meet the needs of the present hour. What is demanded is well-grounded faith combined with realistic planning for concrete action."

Government and Politics

"Judge nothing in America by the point at which it has arrived. Judge all things by the direction in which they are moving." This statement opened the subject, "Some Highlights on Women in Government and Politics." The Commission had collected many facts on the participation of women in this field—and included in this collection was a list of the legal discriminations. Women, as a rule, are classed as a minority group in public service, and they must learn *when* to do *what*. Mrs. Roosevelt urged women not only to think of themselves as members of a group and to act as such but to think of themselves as a part of the citizenry of the United States with a tremendous responsibility. It was agreed that women are well organized and have done much study work, but their education has been *about* politics and government, and this can never take the place of education *in* these fields. They must come out of the study room into the arena of action. The facts, compiled from the most dependable sources available, were rather startling and showed the very limited number of women who have actually served in national, state and local positions. On the basis of the findings, the following statement of principles was presented: "We regard it as essential in a democracy that all citizens participate in government and political life. Women have as great an obligation as men to do so actively. They have not

one so to the extent that their qual-
ications warrant. Those who are
ualified should take their place:

"1. In all branches of government
-executive, judicial and legislative,
cluding membership in Congress,
ate legislatures, city councils and
ommissions, county and town
oards and other local official bodies.

"2. In political organizations—
artisan and nonpartisan.

"3. In all activities of profession-
, labor or business educational,
hilanthropic and religious groups
fluencing government action.

"Those women who are not yet
ualified should prepare themselves
mediately to be so. All women,
whatever stage of service, should
ntinuously study the principles
d development of our democracy
d appraise all current proposals
d measures in relation to them."

Vorld Peace Through World
rganization

In view of the present happenings
the world, it is evident that "soon-
or later, if mankind is to survive,
me form of world order will of
cessity be established." A very
ll report of this Commission was
bmitted, but the outstanding ques-
ns were: "What shall be our
iding principles in the chaos
ich has come upon us?" and,
What is the challenge to women?"
Plans were suggested for future
udy and thought. The real mes-
ge given to this group was expressed
the conclusion: "Let us preserve
th in the ideals of liberty, peace
d cooperation throughout this pe-
od of distress and disillusionment.
. Assume a personal responsibility
women for preserving and better-
g the human race which we have
borne and nurtured. Let us pledge
ourselves to the eradication of war,
and dedicate our hearts and minds
to the building of a human society in
which peaceful progress may become
an enduring reality. Let us make
this the task to which we give our
constant effort and unswerving de-
votion."

AT 2:00 p. m. on Wednesday, No-
vember 27, the last general ses-
sion of the Congress convened. The
reports of committees and the find-
ings of the Commissions were pre-
sented to all the delegates. Many
questions were asked and much dis-
cussion followed the reports of the
chairmen. After the reports and
recommendations were accepted, the
Congress was ready for its final ac-
tion. As the women of a century
ago had announced to the world
their convictions through a "Decla-
ration of Sentiments," so their fol-
lowers today issued "A Declaration
of Purpose," this to be signed and
sent to the Library of Congress as
a closing chapter in this century of
the "women's movement."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt
brought the Congress to a close. She
referred to Lucretia Mott, who had
hesitated to sign the "Declaration
of Sentiments," as she feared it was
too radical. Mrs. Catt said: "I hesi-
tate to sign the 'Declaration of Pur-
pose,' as I fear it is too conservative!
Women of America, you cannot car-
ry guns, but you can create public
opinion—and public opinion can
beat any army in the world." The
following excerpt from the "Pur-
pose" expresses its spirit: "The su-
preme task which now confronts all
men and women who are still free
is to establish throughout the

world those social, economic and political conditions in which peace, freedom and social justice will have a chance to live. . . . We advocate no fixed pattern of progress to be followed, but shall advance step by step using in each decade the means appropriate to our objective. We shall strive to develop the educational methods and situations which will forward the fulfillment of our purpose. . . . We shall work side by side with men, for it will be from the common endeavor of all men and women of good will that the goal will be reached."

REMEMBERING LINCOLN

Vesta P. Crawford

There is no marble edifice can reach
The measure of this man who stood apart,
No carven words of praise can ever teach
The grandeur and the kindness of his heart;
No troubled years are long enough to dim
A deeper tracery than words in stone.
There is no monument too high for him
To whom the humble paths of earth were known.

For Lincoln was a simple man and plain
Who loved his neighbors and the prairie space
And walked at evening in the weedy lane
With transient wind and shadows on his face;
Perhaps the quiet peace within his eyes
Was mirrored from the dusk of country skies.

Some Aspects of Child Welfare

Leona B. Fetzer

BEFORE the Mayflower sailed the Atlantic, children were recruited from almshouses and destitute homes and sent to the New World under apprenticeship contracts. The Virginia and other companies early found child labor commercially profitable. In the Old World, for centuries before the founding of the Colonies, vagabond orphans and children of poor parents were sold; that is, their services were disposed of for "a smaller price than the value of a terrier." Boys as young as 5 years of age were apprenticed to chimney cleaning masters for seven years. In a legal report dated 1788, one man testified that "Boys are frequently sent up Chimneys while they are on Fire; and when a Boy, at first learning, is backward in going up, it is often a Practice to light Straw, and by that Means to force him up—That he thinks Boys ought to be washed at least Once a Week; but that he knows many Instances of Boys who have served Four or Five Years without being washed at all."[1]

The Old World means of forcing the employment of children to the neglect of opportunities for wholesome development was boldly repeated in the New World, as can be seen from such documents as the Watertown, Massachusetts, records of 1727, which show how the neglected, dependent, and orphaned children were apprenticed and indentured.[2] For long years, opponents of child labor regulation pointed out that leisure was the root of evil, and that if children were not employed, vice would be encouraged and industry would suffer. Alexander Hamilton, in 1791, urged the furtherance of industry because idle children could be given work. The famous Yates Report of 1824 disclosed that a popular method of "caring" for children was to auction them off and let them out to the lowest mill and factory bidders. Hundreds of boys and girls ate and slept in the buildings where they worked. As late as 1866, children worked at night, long hours, and overtime. "Even in Lowell, where conditions were particularly favorable, little mites of ten were on duty nearly fourteen hours a day and then did household tasks and went to evening school." One John Wild testified that mill owners would "take them at any age they can get them, if they are old enough to stand . . . I guess the youngest is seven."[3]

Because children who worked were denied education, and because equality of opportunity was accepted as the great goal of democracy, school programs were made universally more adequate after the Civil War. Even since that time, and within the life span of some individuals now living, small boys and girls were harnessed to trucks in mines doing heavy manual labor, because the thrifty mine owners found that this cost less than the upkeep of a good mule. As late as 1930, the United States Census Report showed that

[1] Grace Abbott, *The Child and the State*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1938, p. 106.

[2] Ibid., p. 213.

[3] Ibid.

29,765 children, ten to thirteen years of age, and 167,856 children, fourteen and fifteen years of age, were in non-agricultural occupations. Sweated industries still abuse child labor. Large numbers of children continue to be employed picking cotton and working in the corn and wheat farms to the exclusion of attending school.

Although at times it has seemed that those who have pled for the protection of children from labor exploitation have been crying in the wilderness, momentous strides have been made. Whereas the child was formerly treated almost like a horse or like cattle, subject matter for his parent's contract or gift, the absolute rights of the parent have given way to the rights of the child. The school attendance age has been raised, and there is an accompanying tendency to raise the employment age. A shorter working day, no night work, and the prohibition of children under eighteen and twenty-one in hazardous occupations is almost universal. The pending Federal Child Labor Amendment will enable individual states to be guided in avoiding labor abuses of children. The International Labor Organization has in the past planned for international agreement on labor legislation for protection of children against exploitation in industry. As yet, conditions are not perfect, but through the Children's Bureau, industrial and labor commissions, welfare agencies, and other organizations, the child need no longer labor in the place of a mule to the sacrifice of his mental and physical endowments and the contribution he could make to society.

THE history of child labor is in many respects comparable to the history of other major problems of children. Although in most areas much has been achieved, present conditions still present a challenge. For instance, let us view the health problems of children, especially those of children living in homes where the incomes are too low to provide a minimum standard of living. Some people say that because children from destitute homes are assisted by welfare and health organizations, they get better care than do the well-to-do. However, somewhere between 450,000 and 500,000 births occur annually in families in which the annual income per family does not total $500. Eighty-six out of 100 farm mothers have their children born in their homes because of insufficient incomes and inadequate medical resources, while 71 out of 100 women in the city have hospital care. In 1936, a quarter of a million mothers did not have a physician in attendance when their babies were born.[4]

It is well known that infant mortality is high when economic status is low, and that "children in low income groups are sick more often than other children."[5] This is so because of accompanying social disorganization, such as poor housing, inadequate food, unemployment, and other factors. The lack of adequate medical care during illness and for necessary corrections of children's defects is being increasingly

[4]Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare Activities, "Toward Better National Health," U. S. Printing Office, 1939, p. 16.

[5]Ibid., p. 21.

alleviated through the Social Security provisions for grants in aid to the states for maternal and child health and services for crippled children. The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection pointed out that thirty-five million of the forty-five million children under the age of 16 years in the United States are normal, and of the remaining ten million,

6,000,000 are improperly nourished
1,000,000 have defective speech
1,000,000 have weak or damaged hearts
675,000 have behavior problems
450,000 are mentally retarded
382,000 are tuberculous
300,000 are crippled
32,000 are deaf or blind
200,000 are rated as delinquent
500,000 are alleged dependent

Overwhelming, too, are the child's dental needs. "The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection reported that from 96 to 98 per cent of the child population of the country suffer from dental decay, while probably 85 per cent of children suffer from major and minor defects of dental occlusion. Nutritional deficiencies were held to be the major cause of dental disease."[6] According to dental authorities, the average corrections needed are 5 to 6 per child. Due to developmental defects, poorly balanced and inadequate diets, poor mouth hygiene, and lack of adequate dental facilities, there is universal need for preventive and restorative dental services. The pronounced need for dental care for pre-school children from two to five or six years of age is now definitely recognized. The general inadequate care given children is strikingly portrayed in the naval service figures of the last World War. Twenty-six per cent of the rejections were due to dental defects, while the next greatest disability was flat feet, with 16.5 per cent.

In some legal cases, the courts have arbitrarily set the value of each tooth at $1,000. In order to conserve this asset, such facilities as are available should be utilized for children. Educational programs in preventive dentistry should be continuous. This type of education is accomplished through hygienists, classroom lectures, toothbrush drills, and other means. Dental care for both pay and free patients is provided through mobile and stationary clinics, hospitals, boards of health and education, welfare organizations, dental societies, health associations, dental schools, county boards and so on.

To prevent body and dental diseases is important, and to promote mental and social health is imperative for the individual's happiness and society's welfare. The physician and the dentist no longer are interested in the child's defects alone, but they view the "whole child." The maintenance of his well-being requires a team including the child, his family, teachers, and others vitally concerned with him and his development. The aim is always to free him from hurtful factors within himself and his environment.

[6] Katharine Lenroot, "The Place of Dental Hygiene in a Maternal and Child Health Program," *Journal of the American Dental Association*, Volume 26, February, 1939.

OF great moment, before as well as after the child's birth, is his family. Mentally and physically healthy families are built upon factors developed in more than one generation. Roots are deep in the past. However, many characteristics formerly attributed to heredity—often thought of as being all-important—can now be explained by environmental conditions without resorting to "mental gymnastics" on the child's family tree.

According to our best authorities, children learn more in the first five years than during any equal period of their lives. Laziness is not inborn. Our children learn to be lazy by not doing anything during long periods of idleness. They want responsibility. At the age of 3, they should dress themselves, brush their teeth, and perform other tasks. They should be taught early and often all we know of the right way of life, and they should be helped to get into it. To learn to good advantage, they should be guided and not allowed to pursue their ways unaided and undirected. Development is also hampered if they are placed in ready-made molds prepared by adults who do not understand their individual interests. Guidance should be a continuous process, not a dramatic, spectacular fete coming into play at times of crises. This requires a thorough understanding of social and emotional development. Our focus should not be upon the child as an isolated entity or on his social environment alone, but on the interplay between the two. Some of the needs for the undisturbed growth of children and some of the deepest human wants cannot be supplied by unlimited dispensing of money.

The child's environment also includes the community. Children have sought opportunities that have not been provided by this vital environment. Some of our communities are actually delinquent because they do not afford the tangible means of activity, adventure, and achievement that are a part of the abundant life. The atmosphere could be so developed as to make it more pleasant and easier to be decent than to be indecent. Many harmful and destructive conditions in our communities could be removed forever if our dreams were translated into action, and if we were afire with a deep sense of social justice.

If we say that personality enhancement is the greatest end in life, the child's sense of the worth-whileness of life at present and in the future is best developed by living in a home with a religious background. In President Roosevelt's opening address to the Conference on Children in a Democracy, he said, "We are concerned about the children who are outside the reach of religious influences and are denied help in attaining faith in an ordered universe and in the fatherhood of God." Surely, religion is a dynamic, practical force in a child's life, providing guides and ideals for right living, affording vigorous incentives and inspiring motives for right conduct, and teaching the necessity for assistance from God in meeting the stresses of life.

The Savior's great concern for children and His profound regard for their potentialities points the way for us. Truly, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Old Order Changeth

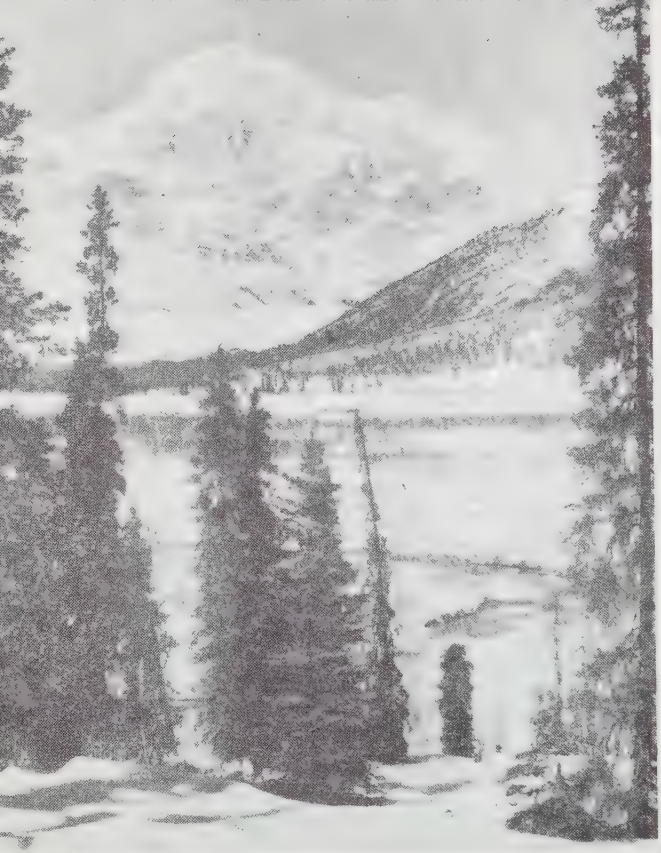
Ivy Williams Stone

I WAS quite young when my older brother sailed off to Cuba, and the words "Cervera's Fleet," "Kissing Hobson" and "The Battleship Oregon" dominated all conversations. I was only six months older when he returned, shed his strange new khaki uniform for heavy furined clothing, replaced his gun with shovel and pick and dashed off to the Nome gold rush. Then the words "Stampeder," "poke" and "sourdough" became our table talk. From these early impressions, I grew up thinking Alaska was a land of glaciers and waterfalls, Eskimos and walruses, mushing dogs and snow blindness, where no vegetation ever grew and summer was only a pleasant word.

Today I have just returned from Alaska, where I took my daughter to be married. Enroute to Alaska, after only eight days of continuous, comfortable travel we arrived at Anchorage, having traveled three thousand miles via train, steamer and train.

The benighted ideas I had concerning the privations my daughter would face were quickly dispelled. Anchorage, site of the new army air base, is a thriving little city of thirty-five hundred people. It is situated on the flat, wide country at the head of Cook's Inlet, about one hundred twenty-five miles inland from the seaport of Seward. It cannot be reached by steamer, as the inlet is too shallow. Taxicabs met our train; we were whisked up a wide street to a good home, where a coal stoker (an exact replica of our own) was keeping a modern house warm and inviting. Reading lamps were numerous; a high-powered short-wave radio brought the voice of Winston Churchill from London; a twist of the dial and San Francisco spoke; the telephone rang, and the refrigerator droned. The wedding ceremony was complete with wedding cake, salted nuts, fresh candies, candles, bride's bouquet, a buttonhole bouquet for the bridegroom and a corsage for me.

THE Alaska so vividly pictured for us by Jack London, Robert W. Service and Oliver Curwood is passing into romantic history. I did not see an igloo, but I ate food cooked upon a modern electric stove. I did not see a lone prospector cracking his whip over the heads of quivering dogs, but I watched a huge airliner rise and disappear into the blue, carrying an assembled mining machine weighing one thousand pounds. I did not see a kayak riding into dangerous rapids, but I rode over wide bridges that span huge rivers. I did not see any Eskimo women chewing walrus hides to make parkas for their men, but I saw young, native girls learning to sew upon electric machines. I did not have to hoard a precious last can of condensed milk, for a dairy left fresh bottles on the back step every morning. I saw no pack trains winding into roadless hills, but I rode in a good automobile over a wide, modern highway. I ate no food that had been stored in a remote mountain cache, but I sat at a lace-covered table and was served with food from a modern



Because it rises from an elevation of only 2,000 feet, Mount McKinley is the highest mountain in the world, towering 18,000 feet above its surroundings.

refrigerator. I saw no home-hungry miner trading his "poke" for an old newspaper, but I saw dozens of alert men unlocking their boxes in a modern federal building. (*And I had tucked a kerosene lamp into her baggage!*)

The grizzled, lonely prospector is no more. A man may prospect alone, but an airplane drops mail and supplies to him. The quick gold seems to be exhausted. Dredges now systematically work the river beds for gold, and the rhythmic chug of modern mining machinery echoes down the hillsides of Juneau, and the fishers annually produce more than twice as much revenue as is received from the gold of Alaska.

All Alaskans are "air minded." Huge liners ply regular routes from Fairbanks to Anchorage, from Nome to Juneau, from Seattle to Fairbanks and intermediate points. Expectant mothers patronize the airplanes to secure hospitalization. The wards of the Government, be they Indians, Eskimos or "Aleuts," receive fine medical care, either in their native villages or in hospitals where they are sent via plane. A nurse told me the story of an Eskimo who was taken away from his native village for an appendectomy. Upon his return, he gave such glowing accounts of his treatment that within a week every Eskimo in the whole village was holding his right side, declaring he had a terrible pain!

ANCHORAGE is the one city in Alaska that was methodically laid out by engineers. Wide avenues, numerically numbered, run east and west. Wide streets, designated alphabetically, run north and south. Churches and lodges, drug stores and bakeries, a printing office and a tri-weekly newspaper, jewelry and haberdashery stores, clothing and millinery shops, a public library and two modern school buildings, eight doctors, a hospital and two banks, two dairies and two confectionery stores, numerous grocery stores, a greenhouse, a dry-cleaning establishment, a fifteen-cent store, policemen, and weekly garbage collection all combine to give Mr. Citizen of Anchorage good living conditions. (*And I had insisted that she take a dozen toothbrushes with her.*)

The schools are earthquake proof, fire proof, air conditioned and stoker heated. Every teacher has a college degree—almost every one has a Master's degree. Every child must have a medical examination before entering school. I saw a man who had a Master's degree from Columbia teaching native boys how to handle a saw; a lady with a similar amount of training was teaching cooking and sewing. The Association of University Women of America has a local chapter in Anchorage. There is only one moving picture show house, and although films are naturally late in arriving, they eventually show the same good films which we see at home.

Nearly all the houses are frame. Few homes have flower beds, but every home has its vegetable garden. Cabbage, cauliflower, beets, turnips, radishes, lettuce, peas, strawberries and raspberries grow rapidly and are well flavored. Every home has storm windows and doors, and bathrooms are the accepted order for all homes.

I had the rare good fortune to watch an aquaplane settle on a lake by moonlight, to inspect an ancient Indian cemetery around a primitive Greek church, to see Father Hubbard, the "Glacier Priest," to inspect the huge army air base on the outskirts of the city, to observe at first hand the social and economic life of this "frontier" city. But best of all was the afternoon I spent with Mrs. Sydney Lawrence, whose fa-

NE PHOTOGRAPHY REVEALS THE GRANDEUR OF THE COLUMBIA GLACIER

SUCH SCENES HAVE DISAPPEARED, BEING REPLACED WITH AIRPLANE SERVICE.

mous husband had just died in his beloved Alaska. Besides being the widow of so famous an artist, Mrs. Lawrence is a very charming lady. She is an artist herself and works every day from eight to three collecting, studying and painting the wild flowers of Alaska. Her work will soon appear in book form. She is full of fascinating stories about the career of Mr. Lawrence, who, in addition to painting Mount McKinley in all its frigid beauty and the northern lights in all their iridescent colors, was a war correspondent who covered four wars!

I VISITED the much discussed Matanuska Valley, which lays about fifty miles north of Anchorage and can be reached by rail, plane and highway. The Daughters of the American Revolution felt this highway to be of such significance that they erected a monument to commemorate its completion.

The "Matanuska Valley Project"[1] has its defenders and assailants. There are people who praise its sponsors and the results accomplished. There are others who claim every radish costs one hundred dollars, that every ton of hay is worth a small fortune. Judge as you choose, it is a wide valley that opens out between high mountains that are dotted with waterfalls. Whatever their problems, irrigation is NOT one of them.

[1]In May, 1935, two hundred colonists, with their families, were transported from the United States to Alaska, and established on land in the Matanuska Valley. At first there seemed to be considerable discontent among the colonists, but by 1936 the Government announced that the colony was firmly established.

The virgin soil was covered with thick growth of poor-quality timber. The top soil is nowhere more than fourteen inches deep. Below that, a hard gravel becomes a foe to agriculture. The barns are large, well made, modern. The houses are built on cleared land, the individual colonist having exercised his own ideas of architecture. Some of the houses have window boxes of gay nasturtiums, white curtains, carefully-stored winter fuel, neat garages. Some of the houses are unfinished, forlorn and neglected; still others are vacant, with broken windows and swinging doors. Some barns are stocked with hay and fodder against the long winter; others are open and deserted, with the wind ripping off shingles and banging doors. Some fields have been well tended; others are fallow and forsaken. Even under the best weather conditions, only one crop of alfalfa can be harvested, and that can never be "cocked" for drying, as is done in the States. Each forkful of hay must be carefully draped around a stake, in order to speed its drying. As we drove along, we saw some late peas and unripened wheat that had been frozen by an early September frost. A few horses and cows and some sheep grazed in wet stubble fields. Through it all, I saw only another example of that eternal truth — a thrifty man is a thrifty man, wherever he may be. The gift of a tract of land with numerous other gratuities cannot change shiftlessness into thrift. Paradoxical as it may sound, even the thrifty farmer of Matanuska does not find a ready market for his produce. Many of the people of Anchorage and Fairbanks—his two town markets—are "outside" minded. Even as we in the States have always thought of "imported perfumery" as superior, about fifty per cent of the housewives of Alaska feel imported vegetables are better flavored. This strange condition, coupled with the attractive wages now being offered at the army air base, is responsible for many a deserted farm, with the family moved into town, living on *imported* foodstuffs purchased with the high cash wages paid by the contractors.

And the airbase! It is so large it is difficult to describe it. Large tracts of virgin, flat, wooded land were surveyed and purchased from the original owners. Here a thick stubborn moss sends its roots so deep that it takes powerful tractor plows to break the soil. Five large runways are being

LD-STYLE ALAS-
KAN CACHE

ime was when the
iner had to resort to
is contrivance to pre-
rve his food supply.

DOCK SCENES ALONG THE INLAND PASSAGE

built, with a total of one hundred buildings under construction. Fifteen hundred men work in three shifts of eight hours each. There are soldiers living in tents, waiting patiently for the still unfinished barracks. Civil engineers are battling and winning the fight against the stern Alaskan winter, the ever-shortening period of daylight, and the long distance from the base of supplies.

Naturally the sudden influx of civilians into the peaceful town of Anchorage caused a flurry in real estate and housing. The humblest sort of "a roof over our heads" goes at a premium. In fact, they are now unobtainable. Apartment-house owners increase rents without notice and demand that four months' rent be paid in advance. When two or more women meet, the conversation is never social nor gossipy. Immediately, they plunge into the one all-absorbing topic, "Do you know where we can rent a house?" Men are sleeping on cots in garages; others have sleeping bags and lie on top of pool tables. Families move in together. The hotel never changes its one sign—"No Vacancy." The owner of a vacant room can name his own price. People watch the hospital reports—perhaps someone is ill and may have to go "outside." Real estate has soared to an exorbitant price. As a rule, the newcomer cannot buy it, but offers to rent a house if the owner will build. But with a determined shake of an experienced head, he refuses. He does not want to be owning vacant houses when the airbase is finished and the population returns to normal. He knows what happened in Cordova when the Kennicott copper mines were closed. He knows that a third of the people of Juneau have moved away.

THE town of Anchorage has an intricate, complicated social life. I saw more "formals" than I ever see at home. I saw more chauffeurs, fur coats and automobiles; more manicures and permanents. Ladies make formal, brief calls, leaving en-

raved cards. Here is one place where the outside appearance of the ome cannot be used as a yardstick o judge its occupants. An unpainted apboarded house may contain a rand piano; a lady may emerge from ne house in a valuable fur coat. Hositality is quickly offered to the newomer. He is accepted for what he at the moment, not for what he ay have been born to. What he ay have done to his discredit elsehere is never held against him in laska. All Alaskans are good iends, respond quickly to a friend's eeds, make liberal loans and extend redit very freely.

The arrival of each train is an vent. It brings new people, parcel ost mail by the ton, news of boats, adbeds, bridges and weather. Telehone numbers have no letter prefix r suffix, but a color prefix; thus, reen 354 or Brown 199. Imagine y surprise when calling Mrs. Vright to hear central answer, after vo ineffectual rings: "Oh, I forgot o tell you. She goes to the beauty hop between ten and eleven o'clock very Tuesday." Thus, your private fe is known to all—never maliciously, just neighborly and friendly.

Living is high in Alaska, but wages e correspondingly high. Here are few prices on staple foods:

ce cream soda	$ .20
read, per pound loaf	.25
ne apple pie	.75
orn on the cob, one doz. ears	.75
ucumbers, each	.20
our, per hundred pounds	8.00
omatoes, per pound	.15
con, per pound	.40
Sugar, per hundred pounds	9.00
Butter, per pound	.50
Eggs, per dozen	.45
Milk, per quart	.25
Stoker coal, per ton	9.00
Fruit juices, canned	same price as at home!
Honey, per pound	.20

Due to the availability of natural water power, electricity is nearly as cheap as in my home town. A haircut costs as much as one dollar. There is no daily mail or delivery, but the post office is a busy place, and it costs only three cents to mail one average-sized book back to the States. Current popular magazines are a week late, but the prices are the same as at home.

As one goes into the interior of Alaska, conditions change a little. The price of living and even of electricity grows much higher.

Alaska, our last frontier, has been civilized. "Seward's Folly" has grown into the goose that lays golden eggs. Man's ingenuity has conquered the former natural resistance of this great country and its barriers to civilization. Although she is three thousand miles away, we will talk to our daughter this winter via short wave. Her letters are only a week away from us. She is only eight days from us by train and steamboat and much less by airplane. She has joined a glee club and has found a pipe organ where she may practice. She is happy and everything which she needs for her welfare is obtainable. (*And I packed sad irons in her luggage!*)

Homely Hester

Olive C. Wehr

"PLEASE, God, if you can't change me into a boy, then please change me into a pretty little girl," prayed Hester fervently that night, as she knelt beside the big, old-fashioned bed in Aunt Agnes' upstairs room.

Then recalling that Miss Evans, her pretty Sunday School teacher, had said that we must pray for others, not ourselves, she shut her eyes so tight that she could see the mysterious silver doughnut that always came when she closed her eyes thus, and pressing her screwed-up little face hard against the red and white patch-work quilt, she carefully reworded her prayer: "Dear God, please give Daddy a beautiful little girl."

She stayed on her knees until they fairly ached, repeating the request and "believing hard," for one must have faith to have prayers answered. Maybe she hadn't had faith enough, she reflected sadly, when she had prayed before to be changed into a boy, but it might be even better to be changed into a pretty little girl instead. Then Daddy would call her "sweetheart" like he did Mother, and not "little funnyface" any more. Of course, Daddy had really wanted her to be a boy in the first place—she had heard Aunt Agnes say so—but still he would be pleased, she felt sure, since she had to be a girl, if she were only pretty. Mother was pretty—everyone said so—and Daddy adored her. He bought her ever so many pretty clothes — to "show her off," Aunt Agnes said. If only God would make her pretty like Mother!

When Hester finally arose, for the relief of her protesting knees, she turned hopefully to the big mirror over the dresser. Maybe there would be some slight change already. . . . But no, she was still "Homely Hester" as one of the girls at school had dubbed her — the same homely Hester with the same wide, greenish-grey eyes, the same sprinkling of freckles across a too-pale face, the same too-large mouth, the same stub nose, the same reddish tinge on the hair. Daddy hated red hair, for he was always asking Mother if she thought it was really going to turn red.

"I hate you!" Hester exclaimed viciously to the sober little pajama-clad figure in the mirror; and then, startled at the sudden sound of her own voice, she ran for bed, switching off the light as she went, and buried herself in the blankets. She was grateful tonight for the way the great bed swallowed her whole.

She heard her Aunt Agnes moving slowly about downstairs in her room. Aunt Agnes always moved slowly, for she was elderly. She was really Daddy's aunt; she had brought him up after his own mother had died. Hester lay very still listening and hoping that her exclamation had not been overheard. Aunt Agnes was always asking questions and demanding explanations! She breathed a quick sigh of relief when she heard her aunt winding the clock and knew that she was safe for the night from prying eyes.

How much longer was she going to have to stay in Aunt Agnes' big, lonely house? When Daddy had

brought her here sixteen long days ago, he had told her that she must be a good girl and stay until Mother felt better; then she could come home again, and there would be a surprise for her, but Mother was ill now and too nervous to have a noisy girl around.

She was sorry she had made Mother nervous. She couldn't help it because she had been clumsy and had fallen down stairs twice; and how had she known that her many questions annoyed her mother? A sudden knot of home-sickness tied itself in Hester's throat. Shutting her eyes tight to keep back the tears, she tried hard to think of something pleasant. Mother said that was the best way.

What could the surprise be that Daddy had hinted at? Maybe another new dress to take the place of the one he had brought home to her from the city some time ago—the one that Mother would not let her wear because it was red. She had cried herself to sleep that night because Mother had said she shouldn't ever wear it. She had awakened later to overhear her parents talking:

"But, Cecil," Mother was saying, her young voice lifted high in protest, "whatever possessed you to get red—and such an expensive dress, too!"

"Now, now, Madeline sweetheart," Daddy had replied good-naturedly, "don't be cross about it. I only thought maybe red would brighten up that sober little ugly duckling of ours. You wear red so beautifully, sweetheart."

"Yes, but *she* can't wear red," Mother had declared. "You know I've told you that before, Cecil—not with *her* complexion and the color of her hair. Blue is her color."

Blue! How she hated blue! All her dresses were some shade of it. How she loved the bright, exciting colors the other little girls wore to school! Oh, if only God would change her complexion so she could wear the alluring red dress!

In the morning she would look in the mirror again, but she must "believe" now so her prayer would be answered. Yes, in the morning she would begin to look different. Wouldn't Mother and Daddy be pleased when she went home to see that she had grown into a pretty little girl! Then when they went bathing together at the beach, the white-haired lady with the fan wouldn't shake her head and say to her fat husband, "My, what a handsome couple to have such a homely child! Too bad!"

She remembered now how Daddy and Mother had looked straight ahead and pretended not to hear, and had tossed the big beach ball faster than ever to her after that, but nothing had been any fun the rest of the day; and the next week Daddy had taken her to see the doctor and asked him if he couldn't give her something to put roses in her cheeks, but the big red pills the doctor gave her to take after every meal hadn't done any good either.

Well, Daddy wouldn't need to worry after God had answered her prayer, and he wouldn't be ashamed of her looks then, either. Maybe he would take her on the long trip back East to see his old friends next summer instead of leaving her behind as usual with Aunt Agnes.

"Oh, and is this your beautiful little girl? Why, she looks just like

her mother!" Daddy's nice friends would say. Daddy would stand up straight and proud and say, "Yes, she is my daughter," just like he did when his old friend at the office had said of Mother's picture, "What a beautiful woman!"—only then Daddy had said, "Yes, she is my wife." And the white-haired lady with the fan at the beach would say, "My, what a handsome couple, and what a beautiful child they have!"

It would be fun going to school then, too. She would just smile at the astonished little girl who had called her homely, and settle down to her lessons feeling all warm and comfortable inside instead of all tight and cold. Daddy would be pleased with her report card then—an ugly little girl who is so busy being miserable can't think very hard about the new words pointed out on the big chart by Miss Peters. Yes, Daddy would be pleased with her report card, and he would go right down to the store and buy her the big doll with the long, yellow curls that he had promised her if she would get straight "S's."

HESTER drifted away on a rosy cloud; then it was morning, and Aunt Agnes exclaiming in her thick, raspy voice, "Child, child, you have overslept! Hurry and dress; I have some good news for you—after you've had breakfast."

Good news? Oh, yes, something had happened. . . . What was it? Oh, now she remembered. . . . She had turned pretty and was going East with Daddy? As soon as the door had closed behind Aunt Agnes' stern back, Hester flew to the mirror. The eager little face reflected there trembled, and a sudden burst of tears flooded it. A sadly-disillusioned Hester turned slowly away to grope blindly for her clothes.

Aunt Agnes looked at her sharply when she went down to breakfast a few minutes later, but for once she asked no questions, for which Hester was grateful. Aunt Agnes believed that a little girl should have no secret thoughts that she was ashamed to tell. More than once Hester had been forced to concoct some sudden falsehood in order to satisfy the nagging curiosity of Aunt Agnes. She was glad that her usually active imagination was not to be so taxed this morning, for it was out of the question to tell her the truth. The very idea of confessing one's inmost thoughts to Aunt Agnes always made Hester feel ashamed—like walking naked.

After a silent breakfast, Aunt Agnes announced, "Now I will put you on the bus. Your father phoned for you to come home this morning."

The tiny spark of joy that kindled in Hester's bosom was quenched by Aunt Agnes' next statement.

"I suppose I ought to tell you that you have a *beautiful*, little baby sister."

A beautiful baby sister! Then Daddy had a beautiful little girl! So this was the way God had answered her prayer! He had given Daddy a beautiful little girl, as she had asked Him to do, but now she was never to be anything but just "Homely Hester." Daddy would be proud of the new little sister; he wouldn't have much time for his "ugly duckling." Dumb misery too great for tears or for speech settled down over Hester.

"Your little sister's name is Vivi-

an," was Aunt Agnes' next unconscious thrust.

Vivian! What a beautiful name! And they had called her *Hester*. She was only "Homely Hester."

Aunt Agnes offered further bits of information from time to time during the short journey to the bus line, but no efforts on her part could induce unhappy little Hester to comment on the new state of affairs.

"I must say, she is the most peculiar child I have ever seen!" Hester overheard her aunt exclaim in exasperation to a neighbor who stopped to speak to her. But she didn't mind what Aunt Agnes thought. She stumbled blindly into the first seat she could find on the big bus.

During the short ride home, Hester turned over in her mind various plans of escape. She might live with Aunt Agnes. But no, that was unthinkable. She might run away —but where to?

When the bus stopped at their corner, Daddy was there waiting for her.

"Hello there, little funnyface. You have a baby sister," he greeted her joyously.

She put her hand in his and walked silently beside him down the path toward home.

"Daddy," she inquired at length, "is your new little girl pretty, and . . . and not ugly like me?"

Her chin trembled out of control as she put this question to her father, but she must know the truth from his own lips.

Daddy stopped walking and looked straight at Hester in a way that made her cheeks burn. Did she seem homelier than ever to him now? Then suddenly Daddy's eyes went misty, and he swooped her up in his arms and held her tight.

"Listen, funnyface, . . . I mean . . . sweetheart," he said huskily, "I don't care whether your little sister is going to be pretty or not, but I do hope she will grow up to be a fine girl like her big sister." Then he added hastily, "Anyway, homely little girls nearly always grow up to be very pretty ladies."

Somewhere a thousand little birds began to sing. Hester threw her arms about her father's neck and kissed him impetuously. "I want to see my baby sister," she demanded.

Her father put her on her feet. With her hand clinging to his, she kept joyful step with him down the path through the bright, spring sunshine, chanting softly to herself all the while the magic, unbelievable words, "Anyway, homely little girls nearly always grow up to be very pretty ladies," and "I have a baby sister! I have a baby sister!"

"AS unkindness has no remedy at law, let its avoidance be with you a point of honor."

"LIFE is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling life's . . . journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind."

Some Literary Friends

Florence Ivins Hyde

No. VII

"The Inferiority Feeling"

NEVER before within my recollection has there been a time when the conditions around us seemed to be so topsy-turvy. With war staring us in the face and the experience of the worst depression the world has ever known just past we look almost with foreboding into the future. The feeling of insecurity which exists is causing unhappiness and in many cases even mental disorders. People are flocking to psychiatrists to be set right because they are so emotionally upset over the conflicts of life that they cannot set themselves right.

Nothing that we might read can solve the difficult problems of life, but it is becoming increasingly important that in our reading and in our entertainment we reach for something that will "lift us up." We should select reading material that will promote a healthy attitude toward life. Any book that will give us a better understanding of ourselves will help us to develop a more wholesome attitude toward life in general. Two books which do this, by discussing personal problems, have been written by William S. Walsh under the titles, *The Mastery of Fear* and *The Inferiority Feeling*.

The Mastery of Fear is particularly valuable for the "nervous" and the "timid" person. In it, Doctor Walsh discusses the different types of fears and suggests practical remedies after they have developed.

In a chapter on fear of public opinion, the author says, "The basic secret of all-enduring satisfaction is: 'To thine own self be true. . . .' To be ourselves, to achieve, requires courage, determination, confidence. It takes these things to do anything of real value. In only a few instances has anything of lasting importance been accomplished save after years of patient and hard study.

"We can gain the esteem of our fellows and at the same time be true to our characters, our beliefs, our personalities. We cannot please everyone all the time. We shall have to disagree, to refuse, to reprimand, to do our own living and our own thinking. We shall be misunderstood, perhaps disliked and criticized, but can gain the good will of the majority.

"All we require is that we be worthy, that we practice the codes of conduct which promote good feeling; e. g.: be courteous to everyone; speak the best of all; be genuinely pleased at the good fortune of our friends; acknowledge their good points. In short, apply the Golden Rule to daily life and practice the fast decaying art of being gentlemen and gentlewomen."

FOR those who are interested in books of a psychological nature (and we all should be), few will contribute more to an intelligent understanding of one's self than *The Inferiority Feeling*. It takes superlatives to describe the value of this book, so basic and so fundamental is its discussion. Perhaps no one thing has contributed more to the marring of personalities than the feeling of inferiority. What it means and how it is developed is of first

importance in the study of personality. An understanding of these things will greatly simplify one's ability to overcome the feeling. Doctor Walsh has treated the subject of inferiority in an easy, readable style in his excellent volume.

The feeling of inferiority is quite universal, and appears in many forms. Hardly a person exists who has not suffered from some form of it. We feel consoled when we read that Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, and even Clark Gable suffer from timidity. The reason for this affliction, we are told, is that the ego is working overtime; that if we felt sufficient we would take things quietly, never routing, boasting, nor forming the habit of imposing our opinions on others. It may be surprising to learn that the dominating person who always wants his own way is usually suffering from a feeling of inadequacy. The effect of an inferiority feeling is believed to be tremendous upon character, temperment, happiness and success in life.

The first few chapters of Doctor Walsh's book, while a little more technical than other parts of the book, should be carefully read. They are devoted to childhood. During this period, Doctor Walsh points out, the "foundation for these [inferiority] difficulties are laid." We engender this feeling in children when we tell them that they can't do things or can't have things, and particularly when we tell them they are naughty or are not behaving as they should. Therefore, it is important that we try in early life to make children *want* to do the right thing and that we reward them for good behavior rather than punish them for bad behavior.

An inferiority feeling may develop, too, as children grow up and discover that the mother they once thought so beautiful is not so good looking as some others or that they themselves have ugly teeth, freckles, or some other physical defect. At such a time, the author says, we must prevent the development of the inferiority feeling by showing them that no one person has everything that is desirable, but that on the whole they compare favorably with the group. With such teaching, a sense of adequacy and security is developed. A sense of security is of utmost importance to us all. It is one thing a successful home must give its members.

"How *much* this inferiority feeling will affect us will depend upon how much emotional value has been placed upon it. If it has become exaggerated, we become timorous and lack confidence. . . . The desire to join clubs often has as a basis the wish to overcome a feeling of inferiority or unimportance."

THE book contains a very fine chapter on complexes and conflicts, which are responsible for much of our thinking being based upon emotion. This is why much of our thinking is faulty. When a situation is complex and unpleasant, the author points out, the most satisfactory adjustment is made by facing it honestly and studying the best methods of meeting it. He states that it is dangerous to refuse to face difficulties or to run away from them. He warns us against repression, which is unwise because it may cause mental difficulties. He also states that trying to forget the disagreeable is not the best way out.

Physical handicaps frequently cause feelings of inferiority. Many

people make satisfactory adjustments by overcoming their handicaps. Demosthenes, who stammered, became the greatest orator of all time. Theodore Roosevelt overcame a physical weakness. Edison met his deafness in a philosophical manner when he decided that it protected him from tiresome conversations, giving him more time for work. His handicap may have been partly responsible for the great genius he displayed.

Compensating for inferiorities is a valuable method of making adjustments. However, over and undercompensation are both harmful methods of adjustment. The art lies, as it does in other things, in attaining a "happy medium." Over-compensation is seen in the superiority reaction—people putting on airs, trying to appear what they are not, the braggart, the newly rich. This is all detrimental, for it warps personality, makes one unpopular, and hinders progress. "The really superior, because they are superior in fact, have no need of pretense, and carry themselves and their possessions easily and inoffensively."

For most people "religion is the most available and most utilized compensation for tribulations and denials. It is not, as some suppose, the refuge of only the weak and the unerudite; it is the hope of all men, though viewpoints and practices vary with intelligence, training and individual experience.

"No matter how well endowed we may be by nature or circumstances, there are few, if any persons, who feel perfectly secure, who are fully content, who do not suffer from the shafts of life, who do not find the world bigger and tougher than they are; there is, too, always a sense of something missing, a longing for close contact with someone to whom one can unburden, who will supply the love, protection, and comfort we all secretly crave. Rarely indeed can such longings be appeased in the world we live in. . . . It is in religion that complete understanding, love, the righting of wrongs, the fulfilment of all the desires are promised; and since religion offers so much, consoles so many, and promotes individual and social welfare, it should not be lightly assailed."

In this problem of making mental adjustments, some people resort to fantasy and others rationalizing, both of which are unsatisfactory. "Often when people claim to be actuated by love of truth, justice, or the welfare of the public, their real motive is to obtain publicity, to cover up some inferiority of their own." Many persons who fail to find support for the causes they put forward find comfort in the fact that famous persons suffered similarly. "The fact that some famous persons have suffered is not suffcient reason for placing one's self on a parity with them. Fantasies are such easy and comfortable refuges from the world of cold facts and stern reality that persons who resort to them are in danger of becoming enslaved by them." To solve any problem we must learn to see it as it is, not as we wish it were. This is the only method that will bring happiness.

THE fascinating subject of popularity is discussed in the chapter, "Getting Along with People." "If we are to get along with people, we must first of all analyze ourselves and overcome our displeasing

personality traits. For there is no person who has not some, although few of us will admit it." A fundamental principle behind this ever-recurring problem of getting along with people is to learn how to please others. Doctor Walsh says, "Anyone may become popular by acquiring the art of pleasing people." To make friends, we must have a genuine interest in others and make a conscious effort to build up their self-esteem. We must remember constantly that one of the strongest sentiments is self-esteem. When we wound a person's self-esteem, we are likely to incur his anger and lose any kindly feeling he may have for us. This is particularly true with sensitive persons. It is difficult for the sensitive to realize that the fault is with them—that their sensitiveness is a form of selfishness, because they are concerned too much with themselves. "The remedy is less thought of self, more thought of others. . . . Persons who feel adequate are not always having their feelings hurt. They have the philosophy that no gentleman will insult them, no one else can."

In this business of making friends, there are some things which should not be indulged in. Flattery has no place. "It is the resort of the crafty, of bootlickers, who employ it in an attempt to gain something they cannot procure by merit. People who relish flattery are as inferior as the persons who feed it to them. . . . The adequate neither use it nor do do they desire it; if they express approval it is sincere." Poor sportsmanship is a symptom of inferiority. When we feel sufficient, we play the game for sports' sake, not always to win. "The good loser is only a degree behind the winner; sometimes he is esteemed more highly." Ridicule if often used by the inferior because a need is felt for posing as superior. This does not promote a healthy mental attitude toward life nor assist in making friends.

The final chapter on courage is of inestimable value. The author says we cannot escape the enemies of failure, disease, or poverty by running away. They must be met by our intellectual powers. Parental example is of paramount importance to children. The family should indulge in nothing that tends to make a child timid. On the contrary, parents should do and say the things that will develop a feeling of adequacy, equality, and self-confidence. To be successful, we must have both physical and mental courage, which will help us to develop independence and initiative.

"Courage is not the prerequisite of those who have strong bodies or great minds, nor does it consist in dauntlessly conquering the big issues of life out of which historical heroes are made. Rather, it is, or becomes, the possession of those who have stout hearts, who habitually stick to their ideals of what is right, who resolutely attack the small problems and vexations of everyday existence, and who, despite obstacles, carry on cheerfully, playing the game fairly, squarely, and as best they can, whatever kind of a hand life may deal out to them."

Read Doctor Walsh's *The Inferiority Feeling*, and see if you do not emerge "lifted up."

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PIONEER TINTYPE

Edith E. Anderson

Before me now your likeness lies,
Dim the years and overlaid
With my unanswered questionings.
Brave mother-face, you must not fade
Unheralded into the past,
You in your bonnet quaintly styled,
Imprinted on this tintype, old
And worn with loving handling, filed
For still remembrance in a trunk. . . .

Your slender youthful loveliness,
Bright sea-blue eyes and raven hair;
The trials and the great redress,
And your unconquered gayety;
Your faith in traveling so far,
Your wisdom in relinquishing
The past and following the star
Of new-found hope and life belief. . . .
You would not write of these; you did
Not keep held safe in words for us
Your triumphs nor your tears; you hid
Yourself almost from all acclaim
Beneath those elemental days,
Those spinning, weaving, baking years
And patient, serving mother ways.

Now I must ask your living sons
To utter what your face implies—
The unbroken secret of your strength,
The substance of your unseen prize,
What compass held you to your course,
And how your anguished mother heart
Continued beating when you watched,
On ship, the boards rock-weighted start
Into the sea's oblivion with
The still forms of your little ones;
And how you turned your grieving glance
From burying waves to face the suns
Of a trail foot-marked and tortuous;
Then how you built, to bear and rear
Eight children more in faith sublime. . . .

Should the sole remains, a voiceless bier,
Of your nobility be this:
One fading wordless print on tin?
Not while I bless your heritage,
Brave pioneer, I shall begin
To trace with a pen your pilgrimage,
That my grandchildren, questioning,
Shall not walk uninspired by you,
Through darkness, always wondering.

Visiting Teachers' Individual Preparation

Ethel B. Andrew

Relief Society General Board Member

(Conference Address, October 2, 1940)

DID Joseph Smith see the far-reaching possibilities for the women of the Church when he organized the Relief Society in 1842? When he told those eighteen women assembled there that day that they were to manifest benevolence, irrespective of creed or nationality, care for the sick and unfortunate, minister where death reigns, assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life, foster love for religion, education, culture, and refinement, develop faith, etc., did he realize how much that assignment would come to mean in the lives of Relief Society women?

Nauvoo at that time was growing fast. There were no telephones, no automobiles nor street cars, no paved roads. Naturally it was impossible for the Relief Society officers to visit all those who were ill or in need, so one year after the Relief Society was organized a system of visiting the homes was instituted. The city was divided into four districts and four women were appointed to visit the families in each district and report at regular intervals to Emma Smith. This group of sixteen friendly visitors was called the Necessity Committee. This system of visiting the homes has now become a vital part of the program of each ward organization. Every Latter-day Saint family, regardless of station or wealth, should be visited once a month by the visiting teachers of the Relief Society, who are supposed to carry greetings of love from the organization and then present a special message for the month. Since 1923, these messages for the home have been printed in the *Magazine*.

Ward presidents choose their visiting teachers carefully. What are the requirements of a good visiting teacher? A strong testimony of the Gospel is necessary. A visiting teacher should be discreet and never betray a confidence; she should be sympathetic and friendly. Friendship is a sacred relationship which brings aid and comfort when needed. She should be tactful, for tact is the remover of all difficulties, the magic that enables her to get along with people. She should be humble and prayerful, and never should she go out to make her calls without first asking her Heavenly Father to guide and direct her in the situations which may arise, for hers is a great responsibility. She can be a real missionary. She should carry a cheerful attitude into the homes. She should cooperate with her leaders in trying honestly and sincerely to carry out the plans that have been adopted. She must attend preparation meet-

ings so that she will be prepared to discuss the monthly messages and answer questions.

The messages this year were written especially for Latter-day Saint homes. A wise teacher will know where her special message for the month will be applicable.

A friendly visiting teacher is effective in gaining new members for the Society. She should study the homes in her district and should not neglect to visit the homes of new neighbors. The world needs friendliness, and she has the opportunity to establish many fine friendships. Many women find their lives far from satisfactory. They need courage to meet the problems of every day—to meet life's tests. Perhaps something has happened to take the sweetness and joy out of their lives. Visiting teachers can, by their friendly visits and by encouraging activity in Relief Society work, help them to find their way back to happiness. The *Magazine* left in the homes of such women can be a real missionary.

Visiting teachers must be messengers of peace. Many hearts and homes in our Church are saddened because of the conflict in Europe. Many have dear ones over there. Let us be understanding and sympathetic as we go into the homes of people of different nationalities. Let us never forget that no matter what country was the homeland, all Latter-day Saints are entitled to the same courtesies and the same Christ-like service. We must have faith in ourselves and faith in each other, faith in our leaders in the Church and Government, and, most of all, faith in our Heavenly Father.

The Lord has been kind to us. Let us show our gratitude by the joy we take in our work, whatever it may be, and the happiness we can bring to others.

PRAYER'S SOLACE

Jasmine Romney Edmunds

It is the hour of my evening prayer,
Alone and bowed I kneel within my room.
Deep is the wish and great the gift I dare
To ask of Him this day of deep'ning gloom.
Released, the mighty yearning of my soul
Pours upward from the pain within my heart;
With rushing words it trembles towards its goal,
Beseeching Him to hear and help impart:
"Dear Lord, I feel the strength of Thy great pow'r,
I trust in Thy deep love and mighty skill;
Oh, hear my aching plea in this sad hour,
And grant it—if it be Thy will!"
Words cease. In peace I kneel a moment there
And rise refreshed, assured God heard my prayer!

Things More Important

Mrs. A. H. Gibbons

NIGHT had settled down with concealing comfort. A cool spring hush covered the houses and trees and paths as Don, content in the everyday living that God had allotted him and feeling unconsciously the beauty of nature's early April days, walked home. He had the complacent feeling that Hannah had been greatly helped by his visit to her father. Her father didn't seem to be doing very well. "Poor kid," Don thought, "she's never had a good break in her life. She must have been the very last one in line when everything in the way of good-looking faces had been passed out."

Don came in quietly. It was late, and Eileen would be sleeping. He had asked her not to wait up for him. But he found her sitting by the low fire, her firm, energetic little body clad in the blue house coat he had given her for Christmas. Eileen was not reading. She was not mending. In complete, deep indignancy, she sat waiting for him.

A faint, sly grin bent the corners of Don's mouth. He made no inquiries but moved to lay his hat on the mantle shelf. Then, catching the fire-like gleam in her eye, he made an unperturbed retreat to the closet in the hallway. Always, there was a pleasant calmness about Don; but Eileen was like a busy, efficient little factory whose whistle must sound off in an explosion of nerves and exasperation, and then when the sound died away serene peace would reign again.

"It's been quite a while at that," mused Don to himself, coming back to the living room, a very thin hint of a smile lingering again for an instant on his face. Life was good to Don.

Eileen stood up as Don came in, her eyes so sharp and bright that they looked like bits of sparkling glass set in black satin. With effort, she spoke calmly. "Don, don't the contracts for next year come out sometime the first of April?"

"About the fifteenth, I believe. Why?"

"And if one—I mean one of the teachers in the system—wants a better position, doesn't he make an appointment with the superintendent and ask for it about now? Anytime now?"

"Right, honey, but what's the idea of the cross examination? Who's going to make an appointment and ask for a better job?" Don sensed the threatening earnestness in Eileen's words and remained standing.

"You are!" Her lips were trembling, and she bit them hard. "You are going to make an appointment with the superintendent and ask him for a position in the senior high school."

"Oh, no. I like my job fine, Eileen. I know all the little shavers, and . . ."

"I don't care if you do like your job," she interrupted sharply, regarding him with determination, "there are other things more important to be considered! How do you think I feel when I have to say that my husband is just an elementary-school teacher—with a Master's degree?"

"Oh, but that isn't the important

thing. I like to work with youngsters of that age. That's the time to give them the right lease on life, especially those youngsters who seem to have gotten off on the wrong track. Why you can do more with them at that age than . . ."

"Well, how about giving me a new lease on life—me and Jackie and Junior and the baby?" She spoke with suppressed heat, and Don imagined he could see firecrackers sputtering under ice. He sat down and calmly drew from his pocket the customary pencil and the duebill from Thatcher's, upon which he began making decorative "A's" and "O's."

"Don, I went to that safety meeting for the P. T. A., and Mrs. Killan was there—you know, the lady you graduated with, the one whose husband got that job as cashier in the bank. Did she rise and shine! The little snob! She came up very ladylike and held out her finger tips for me to touch and then said clearly and distinctly and snootily so that everyone turned our way, 'And is your husband *still* teaching in the elementary schools?' And I said, 'Yes. He is very well satisfied with his work at the Washington school.' And she stuck her abbreviated nose a little higher, and said, 'Oh, I expected so much of him.'

"Well, then the storm broke. I said, 'He loves the little folks,' and she said, 'Well, every man to his class.' She was so sarcastically gallant about it. I looked murderously at her and said right to her face, 'Well, he likes it!' Then she stared at me just like she was seeing a kangaroo for the first time and was going to make the most of her opportunity."

Don tried to hide a grin behind his hand but was unsuccessful. "Oh, the kettle called the skillet black in no weak language," he laughed.

Eileen smiled, too—a smile like a piece of steel on a frosty morning. "That isn't the first time I've been humiliated," she snapped. "People are always making some belittling remark. Oh, you can put up with it for a few years, but people expect you to go on up. You don't get paid enough teaching the fifth grade. Being hard up for so long hardens the heart, too, Don, and makes one bitter. I looked as old as Methuselah's first wife tonight in that outfit of mine."

"Now, honey, let's get this straight." Don pulled Eileen's rigid little figure onto his lap and felt her tense muscles begin to relax. "I know, Eileen. I know it's hard sometimes. Occasionally I meet people whom I knew a few years back, people with whom I went to school or under whom I studied. Almost invariably when I tell them I am teaching in the elementary school, I hear an 'Oh'—the kind people use when someone doesn't turn out so well. But I don't mind—not too much. As much or more skill is called for in teaching little people of ten and eleven years of age as in teaching your college people. In the elementary school, we can lay the foundation for all that is to follow, and education, like houses, must rest on solid footing if it is to endure. I'm learning things, and some day the people who count, the real, worthwhile, simple people, will find out that we—you and I and the family—do really matter after all."

He said it with quiet authority, and Eileen couldn't help admiring

im, a little; he was so kind and nderstanding and good natured, accepting other folk's ideas, maybe, ut clinging like a true old hickory ree to his own. But she was too rought up to agree with him then.

"Listen, Don. Let me be your roblem case for a while. Go talk o the superintendent before the ontracts come out for next year. sk him for a job in the senior high chool. You'll have a chance for dvancement there, and you can still eep one eye on Hannah and Allen Day and Francis and Bim and all he rest. If you will, I'll . . . I'll elp you teach Mervin his fractions." Eileen laid her head coaxingly gainst Don's.

"I don't want a job in the senior igh school!"

"I do. I want you to have a better ob, so that I can look superior, too, nd feel as important as Mrs. Killan. Don't you care how I feel, Don?" She sat up straight and stiff. Her yes flung anger into his.

"I don't want us to feel so superior hat all the time we're wondering oftily how those 'lower' classes exst!" He pursed his lips in sophisticated imitation.

"Don! It's a sin to try to rear a family in this day and age on what ou make," Eileen said acidly, struggling to get off his lap. He held her irmly.

"A sin is it? Because I want to ive my own simple life, it's a sin is it?" he asked quietly, soothingly. "And when a good woman gets into a state of indignation because of her husband's job. . . . Gracious sakes, honey, I have a *good* job. What wouldn't a lot of men give today for as fine a one? It means our security. And I like it. I like the kids. I like my room on the north, because I don't have to worry about sun glare, and the temperature is more constant than in any other room in the system."

"But I'm tired of this staying just a little out of the reach of . . . of . . . starvation and . . . "

"Now I'm starving you, huh?" Don tightened his arms about her, but her bitterness still remained. She glowered at him.

"That's what people think of us. Besides, there are plenty of 'problem cases' in the higher grades if you must have them."

"I guess there are," agreed Don, "but by that time it's too late to do much with them. These 'misfit cases' need to be handled earlier."

"Well, if that's what's ailing you, then go ahead. Wherever you are you'll find a 'problem case' to work on—one of your own maybe if you don't stop making other kids happy while your own hardly ever see you. They're still young, work on them for a change!" Eileen stiffened and stood away from him. The air about her was electric with battle.

"But, 'Mrs. Solomon'," Don teased, "you're doing swell with the kids. They're O. K." He continued his argument. "The pay I receive isn't so bad, and the important thing is that I like to work with children of that age, and sometimes I'm able to give a child a new slant on life. That helps a lot to make a job worthwhile. Besides, if I stay a year or two and learn all I can and keep case records on the side, it may lead to . . . "

" . . . to your going to the superintendent and asking for a better job! Maybe you can act heroic about it, but I can't—not any longer." She glared at him. "If you

don't go, I will!" Don noticed that she was trembling with anger.

"O. K., 'Mrs. John D. Rockefeller.' I guess I am sort of slow when it comes to accumulating wealth." If his job hurt Eileen that much he certainly must change it. "I'll make an appointment as soon as I can. Now let's get some 'shut-eye.' It's almost midnight."

DON was leaving the house for school the next morning when the phone rang. "It's for you." Eileen lifted her voice, one hand over the mouthpiece. "Must be Hannah again. She called a few minutes ago. Probably want's you to pedal her to school." Eileen went into the kitchen where she hurried Junior and Jackie with their preparations for school, removed Sister's bib and lifted her to the floor.

Through the doorway, she heard Don's startled voice:

"He did? I'll be right over."

"What's the matter, Don." Eileen came close.

"It's my little 'carrot-top,' Hannah. Her father died this morning, and she just called to tell me. Poor kid. She's only ten and is left an orphan with two little brothers. Gosh! I'm going right over to see her."

Don didn't return home as usual at 12:15 for lunch—or at 12:30. At 12:40 Eileen called him at school. "Shall I send Junior with some lunch?"

"No, never mind. I wouldn't have time to eat it now anyway. I meant to call you, but I didn't get around to it. I went over to see Hannah. She's taking it like a little brick, and I thought I ought to help her keep her courage up."

"While you were thinking, did you make that appointment with the superintendent?"

"No. I will though. I've been so busy this morning, I just . . . "

"Never mind. I'll make that appointment for you. You're so busy!" It was a positive declaration. "Hurry home after school. You'll be starved."

The hands on the clock marked the hour as 7:15 when Don came thoughtfully through the door that evening. He came in without speaking. Impulse laid his suit-coat on a kitchen chair, but experience picked it up and hung it in the clothes closet.

"I'm sorry, dear."

"Sorry for what? For not coming home to dinner? For keeping supper waiting two hours, or for almost not hanging up your coat? Never mind about the coat."

His cheeks wrinkled in a brief smile as he kissed her. "Where are the kiddies? Not in bed?"

"Just in."

"I'll go up and tell them good night. Didn't think they'd be to bed this early."

"Their bedtime hour is seven, you know."

He was back punctually to attend to his delayed meal.

"And now suppose you tell me that you've been over to Hannah's since 3:30; that the poor kid has been left an orphan at age ten, and, in spite of the fact that she has a hundred relatives including a grandfather and grandmother right in the same town, you think she needs you around."

"Eileen, you don't understand. The poor kid looks to me. I did go over there after a two-hour meeting at the school. You know we've been

quite the pals. She's called me every day since they took her father to the hospital. I asked her to. She's suffering more now, and I can't let her down."

"It's all right. I understand." That was the trouble with Don. His sympathies were so broad; they took in all sorts of people and problems. Eileen informed him, "I made an appointment with the superintendent for you. It is for day after tomorrow at 3:30—that's Friday. Hear me, Don? This is one thing you must not forget." Her voice sounded a warning note.

"Those poor little fellows over there!" Don said in answer. "The house was full of relatives, most of them strange. They seemed to take to the more attractive little brothers; but Hannah, skinny and sensitive, just sat in one corner and stared." Don rose from the table.

"I don't feel very hungry. I had a couple of sandwiches over there. I meant. . . ."

"Yes, I know. You meant to call me, but you forgot."

"I'm sorry. I guess I remember so well when my own father. . . . You know, Eileen, those kids have a great need for the psychological vitamins of love and affection — of patient, tolerant understanding and reassurance. Every kid does, but those more especially now, and among strange relatives."

"Will you please stop talking about those people," pleaded his wife. "With all those relatives they ought to be able to make out until morning, at least."

"Let's see, you said I'm to speak to the superintendent day after tomorrow. Thanks, Eileen, for making that appointment. I've been rather occupied." Eileen hunted about in the magazine rack and handed him his *Post*.

Suspicious and worried to distraction with fear that he would be rather unimportantly occupied at the important hour, she took the leather-backed date book from his small pile of school materials that were always about. In it he kept artistically designed "O's" and "A's" made with unconscious effort, and also items that needed his daily attention. In bold, inked letters she wrote and underlined: "IMPORTANT! 3:30! FRIDAY! SEE SUPERINTENDENT!"

THE next evening, supper for Don had waited not too patiently but still not too disastrously for only one hour. Eileen was a good wife and planned for his convenience.

"You see, it's like this, dear," Don explained in his own good-natured tone of voice, "Hannah came in just before I left the building. She said the folks were trying to decide what to do with the children, and she wanted me to come over. She was very disturbed. She didn't like the way they were deciding things. I thought, of course, I'd be there only a minute.

"They were in an awful mess. All those folks were ganged together trying to decide what to do with those little children. They had about as much sympathy for the kids' side of the problem as if they were pawns on a chess board. They all wanted the boys, plump little fellows who could be dressed up to look well, but they didn't want them badly enough to take Hannah too. Her buck teeth, freckles, and carrot-col-

ored hair were just too much for them."

"I should think so," offered Eileen.

"You know, they wanted to separate those children. Finally, after two hours, they agreed to have them live with their grandparents here and all help with the expense until the children were older. I hate to think what might have happened!"

Eileen said, "Well, I'm happy that's settled." Don's reasonableness had soothed so many storms and comforted so many distressed. He must have been meant for that. He was so darned whole-hearted about it!

Before sleep dimmed his consciousness, Don made a remark simply to remind himself of his duty on the morrow and to assure Eileen that he would not forget. Then he added, thoughtlessly, "Even if the funeral isn't out by 3:30, I can get up and leave. I'm taking the class over in a group."

At this suggestion, sleep for Eileen, which had been stealing so peacefully near, jumped back several leagues. If that funeral were Friday and at two o'clock, and if by any good fortune he did get up and leave, was there any assurance that other problems would not engulf Don? That appointment had to be kept. He must keep it! After all she had gone through, it just had to be. Too many bright plans for the future had been born for any mistakes now. It hadn't occurred to her that the superintendent could say no.

Far into the night, after Eileen had decided upon a certain action, sleep came.

THE day of the appointment arrived. At 1:30, unnoticed by Don and the majority of the children, Eileen slipped into his school room. She settled quickly into a low chair close by a large cupboard and, in amazement, she watched. Was this the way Don kept school?

A group of children were seated at a table cutting and pasting clippings into books; others, working individually or in groups of two, were poring over big books and charts. There was a reading circle going on in one corner of the room. One little girl with great, brown eyes was straightening up the library. They were all dressed for the funeral in their spring frocks and made a lovely picture—or would have if they hadn't been so disorganized. One lad, dressed in his Sunday best, with a rather pale, expressive little face and warts on his hands, was washing at the small sink tucked away in a little cove in the wall. From his pocket he extracted a half comb and manfully strived to make his bulldog haircut go back into a pompadour. Then the next in turn stepped up to do likewise. It was just like a little ant bed of busy people, carefree, natural, sympathetic with one another. After the oppressive dignity of her literary club, this was a rare treat. It seemed to Eileen that Don had made the children feel that everybody was *somebody* here. The amiability and friendliness thawed her heart.

In a magically short time, tables, desks and cupboards were put in order and two by two the little folks left the room. Don picked up a magazine and his little date book of reminders, and followed. Then he noticed Eileen. He gave her a swift, mischievous and understanding smile.

"So glad to see you, Mrs. Whit-

ing. Always glad to have mothers. Yes, Mrs. Whiting, Don is doing very well and keeps all his appointments to the minute." He slid his arm about her as they went out together.

"Well, to be honest, Don, I did come to remind you about 3:30. I'll run back home now." The tenderness of her words almost startled him. He went on with his boys and girls, but he was thoughtful.

Eileen watched the little procession of brightly-clad children with Don in his prim black suit bringing up the rear. The new spring day, warm and soft, made the scene enticing. After walking a few paces toward home, she turned and followed the people who were going toward the little church—those people who can be so cruel and yet at times so kind to their fellow sufferers.

In the church, she took her place just behind the reserved benches; it seemed to be the only place vacant. She was surprised to see such an abundance of flowers. The absolute stillness was soothing to Eileen's always taut nerves.

Then came the sound of casket wheels at the outer entrance, and the organ began the low sweet chords of "Nearer My God To Thee." The audience stood in respect. It was impressive.

And then Eileen saw Hannah, Don's little "carrot-top," with her old, yet oddly wistful little face, buck teeth protruding over her lower lip and freckles everywhere, as though they had been painted on with tiger-lily powder. She was holding a little brother's hand in each of her own. Eileen's heart seemed to turn over in her throat at this picture of tragedy—three little youngsters left without the two people they needed most. No wonder Don was a friend to Hannah.

As they reached the front rows, each of the little boys was claimed by an aunt's arm about his shoulders. Hannah sat between the two, trying to cover her face with her handkerchief. Eileen had noticed in her wide, hazel eyes the unmistakable signs of many tears. Now she could see only the top of her head—her "carrot-topped" head.

The procession of more distant relatives and friends followed. Next came the group of marble-eyed, wondering little school children and Don, seating themselves on the two benches just in front of Eileen.

The choir sang, "Abide With Me." A prayer followed and then a duet, "That Beautiful Land," with its inviting words: "In that beautiful land, On that far away strand . . . There awaits us a palm and a crown; . . . And the sunshine will never go down."

The minister rose to his feet. Eileen noticed some confusion toward the front. Hannah must be in difficulty. The aunts looked her way from either side. Eileen, sitting tall, saw Hannah look up quickly and turn her eyes backward, searching. She saw Don's head nod slightly Then suddenly and without warning, Hannah jumped to her feet, turned down the aisle and slipped in close beside Don.

For that short moment the minister's words hung in the stillness, then he went on with his consolation.

Pillowing her carrot-red hair on Don's shoulder, the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed as

though her heart would burst. Eileen would have taken off her hat to him then, if she had been a man.

The service was lengthening. Hannah was quite comforted. Eileen saw Don glance at his watch, saw him shift to one side and then to the other. He looked at the speaker. From where she sat, she noticed that the large clock on the wall marked half-past the third hour. Don was becoming restless and began to squirm again. Once he looked as if he were going to rise to his feet, but he settled back.

Eileen motioned for the child just behind Don to slip her the little black book by his side. Opening it to April 5, she read: "IMPORTANT! 3:30! FRIDAY! SEE SUPERINTENDENT!" Quickly she scratched through the words and wrote beneath in brave letters: "DON'T SEE SUPERINTENDENT! OTHER THINGS MORE IMPORTANT!"

Opened, she handed it back.

THE ANSWER

Mabel Jones

I know a gay philosopher
To whom I take my queries;
With calm and ageless wisdom
He answers each new series.

"Just what is love?" I asked the sage,
In dubious expectation,
"Love," he said, "is three parts trust,
And one part affirmation."

"But how can you be sure of love?"
I asked the wise man slyly,
"The only way is just be sure,
No proof will satisfy thee.

"For love is but an act of faith,
Of confidence, believing,
It lives in honor and respect,
In being, not deceiving."

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

Now troups the jester Harlequin along his courtly way,
And yet—do we forget the world is full of sorrow and dismay?

BLESSED be the world of books, that the history of the ages is preserved for the generations. Only through the written word and imperishable works of art does man know of the glory and civilization of Alexandria, Athens, Rome, Nineveh and Tyre. Today's civilization stands on the threshold of a new epoch, and the time is expedient to preserve the story of London, Paris, Vienna, Warsaw, and other great cities which now in ashes and despair await the rise of a new era.

CROWN PRINCESSES JULIANA, of the Netherlands, and Martha, of Norway, both royal refugees, visited Washington this winter and were entertained by President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House.

JOANNA SPRAGUE, retired Salt Lake City librarian, was recently presented with a copper plaque by the City Commission, in honor of her exceptional service of 42 years. The plaque will be placed in the public library.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD, one of Utah's most beloved educators, retired this winter after a service of 20 years. She holds a high place in the hearts of thousands of the youth of the community for her understanding guidance.

ALICE MARBLE, noted No. 1 woman athlete for 1940, polled the largest vote of any woman athlete in the last 10 years.

JANET QUINNEY, University of Utah coed, won both runs of the woman's slalom event in the national intercollegiate ski meet at Sun Valley. She is the second winner of the Mary Cornelia trophy.

EDITH CLAWSON, gifted actress, Annie Larsen Gillespie, former librarian of Brigham Young University, Emma Nield Goddard, M. I. A. worker, Elizabeth Ann Mullett, pioneer, and Electa S. Dixon were among the notable Latter-day Saint women claimed by Death, the great reaper, this winter.

EVELYN WILLIAMS' "The Corn Is Green" has furnished Ethel Barrymore a great dramatic success. It is acclaimed by the critics "a masterpiece."

KATHERINE CORNELL, famous monologist, appears in a new roll, giving a pint of blood for plasma transfusions for Britain's war wounded.

WILLA CATHER'S latest book. "Sapphira and the Slave Girl," of the period of 1856, with a Virginia setting, and Ruth M. Underhill's "Hawk Over Whirlpools" are two vital and interesting novels of the winter. Eva Willes Wangsgaard, of Utah, and Jan Struther, English novelist, have each published a volume of verse.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
Motto—Charity Never Faileth
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EDITORIAL

Appreciation

IF, like Benjamin Franklin, I were to make a list of the virtues worthy of cultivation, foremost among them would be the ability to appreciate—the ability to be conscious of the significance, the desirability, the value of a person or thing; the ability to place oneself in the position of another and sense his problems, recognize his strengths and perceive his virtues; the ability to prize each thing according to its worth.

The word "appreciation" evades definition. It is a living experience. Sometimes one's heart is so full of it that he cannot speak; in the intensity of his appreciation words seem paltry and inadequate. Sometimes one is so stirred with it that he would have some outward expression of it—he would praise; he would send a gift; he would render a service; he would offer thanks. Sometimes it stimulates one to conquer his weaknesses and impels him to more worthy endeavor. Appreciation has driven many a person forth to great accomplishment.

Rich as this experience may be, and far-reaching as its influences are, it is all too rare in the lives of most people. The average person today lives such a whirlwind existence, and the struggle for survival is so great that he seldom pauses long enough to understand, to evaluate, to appraise either things or people. He becomes selfish; his sense of appreciation becomes dull, and much that is fine in life is lost to him.

Most of us have fleeting moments of appreciation, but we do not fan the flame or carry sufficient fuel to the fire to have it blaze up in our lives and give forth warmth and cheer.

Everyone has need for appreciation, the mightiest as well as the lowliest. There is none so great but that it is important to him and none so mean but he is made better by it.

Outward expressions of appreciation are good for the soul. They bring joy and encouragement to the recipient and growth and happiness to the giver. We sometimes hesitate in our expressions because of a sense of modesty or because we feel the expression should be lavish, such as an expensive gift or costly entertainment. But more frequently than not, those expressions which cost only a little thought and a moment's time are the most highly valued. I

is not the cost in dollars and cents that makes the expression of appreciation valuable but the sensitiveness to kindness, effort, or achievement which has motivated the expression.

The expectation of appreciation is human. To desire recognition of our acts of kindness, to hunger for the simple justice of a return of good for good is natural. But thoughtless thanklessness has ever been the characteristic of man. Saint Luke tells us that when the Savior was upon the earth, He entered into a certain village and there met ten men who were lepers, who stood afar off:

"And they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

"And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.

"And one of them when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God.

"And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.

"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?

"There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger."

Ten were healed; nine departed. One only returned to give thanks.

Though we all hunger for and need appreciation, it must be genuine, otherwise its value is lost. Only sincere appreciation encourages us and impels us to further effort. The flatterer is soon discovered; the insincere is early exposed.

Appreciation leads to abundant living. It builds personality; it draws friends; it brings out the best that is in us; it encourages us to greater achievement; it creates a bond of understanding love. It is a virtue worthy of cultivation.

Washington and Lincoln

"WHEN President Theodore Roosevelt on February 12, 1909, laid the cornerstone of the memorial hall near Hodgenville, Kentucky, in which are the remains of the log cabin in which Lincoln was born, he linked together the names of Washington and Lincoln in a memorable address, in which he said:

" 'There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great.' "

Washington's Prayer

"AFTER his inauguration as President, General Washington offered this prayer, which is taken from a copy in his pew, St. Paul's chapel, New York:

" 'Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large.' "

Notes TO THE FIELD

Radio Program Recommended

THE attention of Relief Society women is called to a radio program entitled "The Home of the Brave," which is broadcast daily over the Columbia Network, Station KSL, at 12:45 M. S. T. The program is recommended by the National Council of Women as "a constructive departure from the usual line of daytime drama."

" 'The Home of the Brave' is a lively, human story about a group of men and women who are striving to follow the American way of life in the West. . . . The listener will find it an answer to daily problems, intelligently presented as clean, enlightening entertainment."

Pauline and Frederick Gilsdorf are the authors of "The Home of the Brave." Mr. Gilsdorf is a former member of the University of Pittsburgh English Department. Mrs. Gilsdorf, after graduation from the Pennsylvania College for Women, spent seven years in magazine work for high school children.

Hymns To Be Sung

THE Church Music Committee announces that the hymns to be used in the Church-wide hymn singing project during the first three months of 1941 are as follows:

January—"I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."
February—"Softly Beams the Sacred Dawning."
March—"Sweet Is the Work."

Interesting information about each of these hymns will be found in the Music Section of the Deseret News on the Saturday prior to the Fast Sunday of the month in which each hymn is scheduled to be used. The articles are written by Elder George D. Pyper and are entitled "Hymns We All Sing."

Second Edition Of Relief Society Song Book

THE second edition of the *Relief Society Song Book* is now off the press.

This edition is exactly like the first one, and, despite increasing costs of paper and other materials, the price of the *Song Book* will remain at 85c per copy, postpaid. Address orders to Relief Society General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notes FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Wherever the name does not readily indicate the geographical location of the stake or mission, the location of its headquarters is designated in parentheses.

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for April, 1940, page 275.

Relief Society Parties

Carbon Stake (Price, Utah)

ON the afternoon of March 3, the Carbon Stake Relief Society Board entertained the ward officers and class leaders at an annual party. Instead of an afternoon of games, the stake board members demonstrated to the ward officers their idea of an ideal work-and-business meeting. The program was carried out as follows:

Singing
Prayer
Community singing (songs on nutrition composed by the stake board members)
Talk by stake Relief Society president, Belle Johnson
Dramatization, "The Old Woman in the Shoe."
Demonstrations of handwork and homemaking
Reports of visiting teachers
Singing
Benediction

For the dramatization, a large shoe was used made of heavy cardboard. It was about six feet high and between twelve and fifteen feet long, with a door and window in it. One of the stake board members was the old woman, and a class of eighteen kindergarten children represented her children. The children recited little rhymes on nutrition, such as:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children, she knew just what to do:
She gave them pure milk and plenty of bread,
Then tucked them all warm and snug in their bed."

Following the dramatization, the time was spent at the five booths. At one booth, demonstrations were given on rug-making, quilting, and remodeling of suits, dresses, capes, etc. This booth was arranged and the demonstrations were given by two of the board members. A baby quilt was on frames, and the officers of the wards were taught how to quilt.

A candy booth was conducted by an expert, who gave a demonstration on how to make candy. This booth was decorated beautifully by two of the stake board members.

At a lovely flower booth, a woman from a floral shop gave instructions on the care of flowers, the proper conditioning of the soil, and how and when to plant flowers.

Another booth was related to hospitality, table service and etiquette. This was arranged by two stake board members. There were three tables properly set with silverware, dishes and centerpieces, for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, respectively, and suggested menus were given.

A fifth booth was devoted to per-

sonal appearance and care of the hands, with a licensed operator giving instructions on care of the nails. She demonstrated her instructions by giving a manicure. A recipe for home-made hand lotion was also given.

ents and youth of our ward, so we worked out a youth pageant using as many of the young people as possible in musical numbers, choruses and other parts. Truly parents and youth worked unitedly in a program which was a challenge to everyone

FROM THE YOUTH PAGEANT, SMITHFIELD THIRD WARD

While the demonstrations were in progress, the visiting teachers quietly handed in their monthly reports to the secretary at a side table. A dainty Saint Patrick cake, beautifully decorated in white and green, was served to all, accompanied by green mint punch.

Smithfield Stake (Smithfield, Utah)

THE Relief Society presidency of Smithfield Third Ward sent the accompanying pictures of a recent pageant featuring the youth of the Church. They wrote:

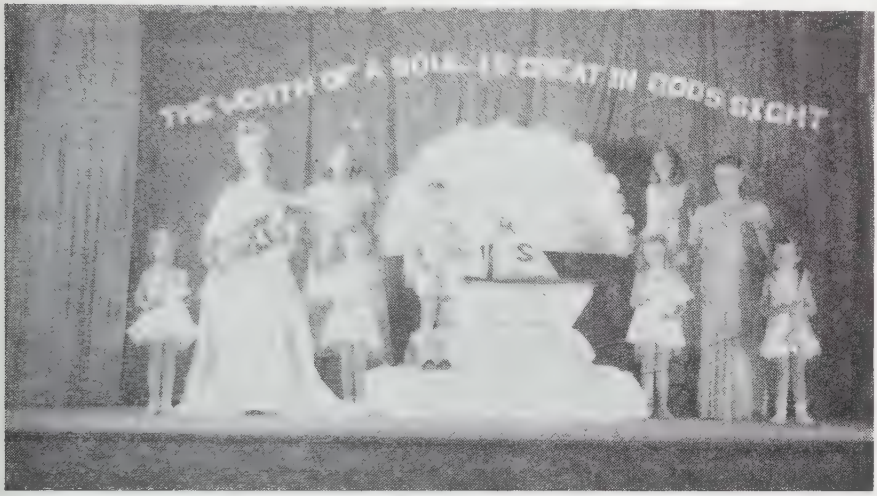
"April conference was an inspiration to the officers of our organization. We desired to bring about a closer relationship between the par-

present to uphold the banner of purity."

The characters were costumed in white and were effective against the blue back curtain on which was lettered in white and gold the words: "The worth of a soul is great in God's sight." The pageant was based upon one of the Relief Society objectives —"to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life." It was also a salute to youth, their achievements and their future, and offered a challenge to parents to maintain homes which foster righteousness. One feature of the pageant was the ship scene where a small trumpeter announced: "Relief Society is sailing along—won't

you join our happy crew?" which was concluded by the audience singing the Relief Society rally song, "A Hundred Thousand Strong." Annie M. Farr is stake president of Relief Society in Smithfield Stake.

temple. About 275 people participated. Plans have been made to make this excursion an annual event." Clara A. Wickman is president of the Relief Society in this stake.



THE CONCLUDING SCENE OF THE PAGEANT, SMITHFIELD THIRD WARD

Emery Stake (Castle Dale, Utah)

MYRLE B. JOHANSEN, secretary-treasurer of Emery Stake Relief Society, sent the following account of the observance which marked the close of the Relief Society educational year in this stake in 1940:

"At the close of our season's work, June 25, 1940, the Emery Stake Relief Society sponsored an excursion to the Manti temple. Members of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums and all members of Relief Society were invited to attend. Enroute to the temple, the excursionists assembled at the top of the mountain at 6:30 a. m. for a short program and breakfast. Our stake Singing Mothers sang at the morning program and later rendered two selections in the

Bear River Stake
(Tremonton, Utah)

ELLA M. PECK, secretary-treasurer, reports that "the stake officers of Bear River Stake Relief Society, of which Clara H. Fridal is president, entertained the ward presidents at a breakfast, June 1, at the beautiful new church in the Tremonton Second Ward.

"Different phases of the work were discussed, and topics were given by stake officers and ward presidents, such as:

What are we doing to get new members—to hold them and to decrease the "C" roll?
The educational program for 1940
Church welfare plan
Work-and-business
Anti-liquor and tobacco control

The *Magazine*
Membership
Singing Mothers
The Relief Society Song Book
The instructions to stake secretaries given at April general conference.

"A crystal bowl of roses formed the centerpiece for the table, with tall tapers at either end. Favors depicting the *Magazine* were made by our stake *Magazine* representative.

"This breakfast was a very enjoyable affair, and we feel that much good will come from it."

Los Angeles Stake (California)

THE Los Angeles Stake, of which Mary S. Jordan is Relief Society president, closed its 1939-40 season with a picnic sponsored by the stake board and held at the stake center, May 24, 1940. The party was attended by 300 members and guests. The party was unique in the fact that every member present from the various wards participated in the program. Each ward brought its own lunch, arranged its own tables, and presented a part on the program.

The accompanying picture shows

RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN OF ADAMS WARD, LOS ANGELES STAKE, IN GYPSY COSTUME

Relief Society women of the Adams Ward in gypsy costume, who were awarded first prize for their outstanding performance portraying a gypsy camp with singing and dancing around a bonfire. The music furnished by this group, and directed by Minnie Eckert, was exceptionally fine. The Wilshire Ward received first prize for its beautiful and unique table decorations portraying a jungle scene.

EXCERPTS FROM THE SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

As Published in *The Improvement Era*

(Selected by Marianne C. Sharp)

"I believe that no worthy young Latter-day Saint man or woman should spare any reasonable effort to come to a house of the Lord to begin life together. The marriage vows taken in these hallowed places and the sacred covenants entered into for time and all eternity are proof against many of the temptations of life that tend to break homes and destroy happiness." (April, 1936, page 198)

"I thank God from the bottom of my heart that I read the life of Nephi in my youth. I fell in love with him then, and his life has influenced mine for good more than that of any other character in ancient history, sacred or profane, save only the Redeemer of the world." (March, 1934, page 160)

"In all my labors I got nearer to the Lord and had more joy in the mission field than ever before or since, and the joy I experienced in the mission field was superior to any I have experienced elsewhere." (July, 1937, page 405)

"It is a God-given law that in proportion to the service we give, in proportion to what we do in this Church and out of it—what we are willing to sacrifice for the Church and for those to whom we owe our loyalty outside of Church activity—we shall grow in the grace of God and in the love of God, and we shall grow in accomplishing the purposes of our being placed here on the earth." (March, 1940, page 137)

"I am thankful for the Gospel, beyond all power with which God has endowed me to express my thoughts; for this is the Gospel, the glad tidings of which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us—that He came into the world, even Jesus Christ, to sanctify the world and to cleanse it from unrighteousness, and to save all the creatures of His hands, to save all except those that deny the Son after the Father has revealed Him. This Gospel is for all, and it helps all who embrace it with full purpose of heart to meet the stresses of life with courageous assurance." (September, 1939, page 521)

"Why is it that Latter-day Saints are enabled to convert people? It is because they have the truth to offer, because they have no doubt in their minds regarding the divinity of the work in which we are engaged." (September, 1938, page 519)

"If there is one thing more than another that I would like above all other things to impress upon young men it is a desire to find some labor, some work in connection with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, through which they can give something to this Gospel." (July, 1939, page 393)

"I want to say to the Latter-day Saints, I am convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that no man or woman can fulfill any law of God but that he is bound to receive the blessing attached to that law. The Lord never forgets. The Lord never fails to bestow the blessing upon those who have fulfilled the law." (October, 1939, page 585)

"The Lord gives to many of us the still, small voice of revelation. It comes as vividly and strongly as though it were with a great sound. It comes to each man, according to his needs and faithfulness, for guidance in matters that pertain to his own life." (December, 1938, page 712)

"Every law that is given to us in the Church is for our own individual benefit." (December, 1939, page 713)

"But faith and knowledge without practice are of no value. All the knowledge in the world would not amount to anything unless we put that knowledge into actual practice." (June, 1939, page 329)

"May the Lord bless you, one and all, is my prayer for you. I thank God that I know we have the truth. I thank God that I know that He lives, that He hears and answers my prayers, that He guides me by His Spirit, that He gives me the inspiration of His Spirit to know what to do and how to do it for the benefit of His people here on the earth. I thank God for the remark made to me by President Joseph F. Smith—the last remark that he made before he passed on—'The Lord knows whom He wants to stand at the head of His Church, and the Lord never makes any mistakes. The Lord bless you; the Lord bless you.'" (May, 1939, page 319)

Theology and Testimony

THE RESTORED GOSPEL DISPENSATION

Lesson 8

Obedience—President Heber J. Grant

(Tuesday, May 6, 1941)

"And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." (I Nephi 3:7)

ON June 1, 1919, during a special conference held for the ratification of his nomination to the office of President of the Church, Heber J. Grant declared: "I shall do the best I can to fulfill every obligation that shall rest upon me as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to the full extent of my ability.

"I will ask no man to be more liberal with his means than I am with mine in proportion to what he possesses, for the advancement of God's kingdom.

"I will ask no man to observe the Word of Wisdom any more closely than I will observe it.

"I will ask no man to be more conscientious and prompt in the payment of his tithes and his offerings than I will be.

"I will ask no man to be more ready and willing to come early and to go late and to labor with full power of mind and body than I will labor, always in humility."

In these words is found the keynote that has characterized the administration of President Grant during more than two decades—absolute obedience to the word and will of God.

EARLY LIFE OF HEBER J. GRANT

Our seventh president of the Church was born on November 22, 1856, at Salt Lake City, a son of Jedediah M. Grant and Rachel Ridgeway Ivins. Nine days following his birth, his mother became a widow. A woman of strong character and independence, she set to work to make a living for herself and child rather than accept charitable aid. These characteristics, as well as her deep religious convictions, became indelibly impressed on the mind of the youthful Heber. Many are the stories told by President Grant concerning their struggles against adversity and poverty in his childhood years.

When about thirteen years of age, he became impressed by the story of Nephi, as recorded in the *Book of Mormon*. The accomplishments of

this ancient prophet-leader, because of his obedience to the commands of the Lord and the admonitions of his father, became an inspiration to Heber J. Grant. He decided that he also would make implicit obedience to the Lord's injunctions and his mother's teachings the guidepost of his life. He became a dutiful and obedient son, and at an early age was actively engaged in Church service. But obedience meant more to him than merely doing what was advised or requested. He conceived obedience to be intimately connected with improvement or perfection. This led him to strive for improvement in whatever he was assigned to do or in whatever he undertook to do. At an early stage in life, he commenced to manifest the invincible determination that has characterized his thought and conduct up to the present day.

PUBLIC LEADERSHIP

At an early age, Heber J. Grant embarked upon a career of business and public service that has placed him in the front ranks of state-builders in the Intermountain West. During the days when the Church was staggering under a great burden of debt, intensified by nation-wide depressions, he was sent by the First Presidency on financial missions to the East and West Coast to borrow large sums of money for the benefit of the Church and its membership.

So prominent had he become in the public mind through his business, charitable and public-service activities in the last decade of the nineteenth century, that it appears certain he would have been nominated as candidate for the position of first governor of Utah. He confesses that nothing would have pleased him more at the time than to have had this honor; but when he asked President Woodruff if he should accept it, no reply was forthcoming. Heber J. Grant then realized that the Church needed him more than the State, and, subordinating his own desires to his determination to obey his calling as one of the Twelve, asked that his name be withheld from the convention.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

In October, 1881, when not quite twenty-four years of age, he was called by President Taylor to take up his residence in Tooele and preside over that stake. Acceptance of this call meant a great financial sacrifice to the young business man, but true to the precept that guided him in his life, he devoted himself to the task with admirable success. Two years later he was called to the apostleship. He opened and presided over the Japanese Mission from 1901 to 1903, and later presided over the European missions from 1904 to 1906. These mission experiences occurred in days when the Church was maligned and persecuted on all sides. President Grant has lived to be received with ovations from the press that formerly abused him and the Church he represented as a missionary.

THE CHURCH DURING PRESIDENT GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION

The last words that the late President Joseph F. Smith spoke were to Heber J. Grant. He said, "The Lord bless you, my boy, the Lord bless you; you have a great responsibility. Always remember that this

is the Lord's work, and not man's. The Lord is greater than any man. He knows whom He wants to lead His Church, and never makes any mistakes. The Lord bless you." Throughout the years that he has since directed its destinies as the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, he has endeavored to make this admonition his guide. The policies of his predecessor have been continued. The Church has continued its expansion in missionary work with the opening of new missions and the erection or purchase of numerous chapels for the Saints in these lands. Wards and stakes have increased greatly in numbers and extent. Temples have been erected in Hawaii, Canada, and Arizona, and sites have been selected for temples in Idaho and California. In addition to these physical manifestations of Church advancement, there has likewise been a great deal of teaching concerning public and private morals, with President Grant in the vanguard of the advocates of righteous living. The most recent noteworthy development has been the organization and functioning of the Church-wide welfare plan, which manifests the marks of true religion and pure brotherly love.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S RELIGIOUS LEADERSHIP

Perhaps the burden of the message of the now venerable Church president during nearly sixty years of leadership can best be summarized in his oft-quoted phrase: "Latter-day Saints, keep the commandments of God!" The words, "keep the commandments," epitomize his personal life. His public preaching has more often been directed toward temporal affairs than purely spiritual concerns, because he clearly perceived that no man can soar to the realms of spirituality as long as his personal life is burdened with violations of God's laws or is at variance with the admonitions God has given. Therefore, personal righteousness must precede the higher spirituality toward which we are striving. It is because of this attitude that President Grant has so long and nobly championed the cause of more rigid observance of the Word of Wisdom. During the October conference of 1883, the year following his appointment to the Quorum of the Twelve, he stated, "But in order to understand it (Mormonism), it is necessary to live it. God has laid down certain laws for our guidance, and has made promises as the result of obedience to the same. One of these was the Word of Wisdom, through obedience to which some of the greatest blessings would accrue." Some have argued that the Word of Wisdom was "To be sent greeting, not by commandment or constraint. . . . " To such, President Grant has said, "But what else does it say? It says, 'by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth. . . ' What? '. . . showing forth the order and the *will* of God'!" That is sufficient for him, and should be for every one who calls himself a member of the Church.

CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT GRANT

As the father of a family, he is generous, kind and patient; as a son he was considerate. His honesty and industriousness are proverbial. Money has been and is now attractive to him only for the good he can accomplish by using it for the wel-

fare of others; he has never made it an end in and of itself. Long years of experience have caused him to formulate his philosophy of life in the statement: "That which we persist in doing becomes easier to do, not that the nature of the task has changed, but that our capacity to do has increased."

Questions and Problems for Discussion

1. What great prophet-leader inspired the youthful Heber J. Grant to place absolute faith in obedience to God's commands?
2. Upon what has President Grant based his firm testimony of the divinity of the work of Joseph Smith and the Latter-day Saint Church?
3. What significance do you attach to the farewell message of President Joseph F. Smith to Heber J. Grant?
4. What influences motivate President Grant in preaching so strongly the need of more rigid observance of the Word of Wisdom?

Topics for Study and Special Reports

1. Have someone read and report to the group some of the articles dealing with the family life, missionary labors, Church activities, civic leadership, and business enterprises of Heber J. Grant, as found in the November, 1936, *Improvement Era.* (This issue is a treasury of information regarding the intimate and public life of our President.)
2. In every ward, stake or mission will be found many books that President Grant has given to friends. What significance do you see in his hobby of giving away books?
3. Have someone make a report of James H. Wallis' article, "President Grant, Defender of the Word of Wisdom," in *The Improvement Era, November,* 1936, pp. 696-698.
4. Read the biblical verses quoted on pages 485-488 of Vol. VI of the *Comprehensive History of the Church* that explain President Grant's view of practical religion.
5. Read President Grant's testimony as related on page 62 of *Heroes of Truth,* prepared by Maude Beeley Jacob.
6. Have someone make a report on President Grant's personal interest and work in the temple. (*The Improvement Era,* November, 1936, page 660)

References

Heber J. Grant, Editorials in recent issues of *The Improvement Era.*

Heber J. Grant, Sermons in the annual and semi-annual *Conference Reports* of the Church.

Improvement Era, November issue, 1936. (This is a special number commemorating the eighteenth birthday of the President.)

B. H. Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church,* Vol. VI, pp. 479-505.

Relief Society Magazine, November, 1936, pp. 671-683; December issue, 1940, pp. 727-728.

Visiting Teacher

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

How We May Honor Priesthood in the Home

No. 8

Home Training For A Mission

(Tuesday, May 6, 1941)

"Go ye into all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature, acting in the authority which I have given you, baptizing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 68:8)

ONE great mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is to take the Gospel message to the world. Every boy in the Church expects some day to have this privilege, provided, of course, that he is recommended for a mission by his bishop and called by the Presidency of the Church.

He goes without funds from the Church. In December, 1940, there were approximately 2,250 missionaries in the field, most of them young men. The home can do much to prepare boys and girls for this great missionary work. Some of the qualifications and habits that can be cultivated in the home and which make for success in the mission field are: a knowledge and a testimony of the Gospel; obedience to the Word of Wisdom; habits of honesty, truthfulness, and faithfulne to duty; practice in praying alou in the home and in expressing one self clearly; sociability; a knowledg of proper etiquette; the ability t care for one's own clothing and t prepare a well-balanced meal; wil ingness to do one's share; and a sir cere desire to be of service to othe in carrying to them the Gospel me sage.

A missionary cannot be sincer in his work without being benefite himself.

Home Discussion Helps

Most members of the Church would b in other lands or in other parts of th country if it had not been for the work of some missionary in bringing the Gospe to them or their parents or grandparents Nearly all of us owe a debt of gratitude t the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Work-and-Business NUTRITION

No. 8

Refreshing Refreshments

(Tuesday, May 13, 1941)

THERE are refreshments which refresh and refreshments which depress. Refreshments which are really refreshing are those which are light in calories, moist but not soggy, not too sweet, and which are quickly and easily digested.

Party refreshments often constitute an extra meal for people who are already taking too many calories and who are already overweight.

A person at age 50 who is 50 pounds overweight has his life expectancy cut down 50 per cent. It is easier to keep those 50 pounds off before the fiftieth birthday arrives than it is to get them off after age 50. The wise woman will not let her body become weighted down with too much fat. Cutting down on party refreshments is one way to cut down the surplus calories which will be stored as body fat. Most of the food served at parties is very high in sugar, starches, and fat.

Much sleep disturbance comes from eating rich, heavy foods served at parties at the midnight hour. A

warm, non-stimulating beverage taken just before retiring has a relaxing effect on some people. Rich pastries or other heavy foods served late at night keep most people from going to sleep quickly or from sleeping soundly after they go to sleep.

Party refreshments are sometimes a drain on family budgets, due to the attempt to serve more elaborately than has a previous hostess. Refreshments can be attractive and inexpensive. They really should be incidental to the party and not be the major feature of it. This is particularly true as far as children's parties are concerned.

Refreshing drinks can be made at home at little cost. Fruit drinks are far more desirable made from fruit juices than from a powder bought at the store and stirred into sweetened water. Rhubarb, plums, cherries, berries, apples, or any home-grown fruit which is tart can be made into juice and canned with very little sugar to be used as fruit drinks, either alone or mixed with other fruit juices. These fruit drinks may be served either hot or cold.

Chicken broth or other meat broth with the fat removed makes a good hot drink to serve on a cold day. It may be mixed with tomato juice or seasoned with celery salt, bay leaves, or any desired flavoring.

Salads made from fruit or raw vegetables served with French dressing are appetizing. Heavier salads contain too many calories for this extra meal.

Open-face sandwiches made with a thick sandwich paste on a thin slice of bread or a wafer will cut down the usual high starch content of party refreshments.

Fruit desserts which are not too sweet or frozen desserts which do not contain too much thick cream provide fewer surplus calories than do the rich pies, cakes, and puddings which are so frequently served.

RECIPES

HOME-CANNED FRUIT JUICES

Prepare fruit juices for beverages from berries, cherries, currants, or plums. Use only sound, well-ripened fruit in such quantities that the canning process can be carried through promptly. To avoid overcooking and to preserve the original flavor and color as much as possible, check the temperature with a thermometer as the fruit is precooked and the juice pasteurized Sugar also helps to preserve color and flavor, but it may be omitted if an unsweetened juice is preferred.

Wash the fruit, drain, and crush. Add water, if desired, to thin the juice—about ½ cup of water to each pound of fruit. Heat to 170° or 180° F., and hold for several minutes or until the juice can be separated from the pulp. Extract the juice with a fruit press or strain through several layers of cheesecloth. A second straining without pressure makes the juice clearer. Add sugar if desired, using about ½ to 1 cup of sugar to each gallon of juice. Heat the juice to 160° or 170° F. and then pour into hot, sterilized glass jars or bottles; fill bottles to within an inch of the top. Seal and immediately process in water bath. Where elevation is 4000 feet, 9 minutes are required for processing. Increase time one minute for each 500 feet above 4000 feet.

HOT TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

1 quart tomato juice
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon salt

Combine ingredients and heat. Ten servings.

Variation 1: Add 2 bay leaves, 6 peppercorns, and 1 teaspoon of sugar to the above recipe and heat. Remove bay leaves and peppercorns and serve.

Variation 2: Combine 1 pint bouillon with three cups tomato juice. Heat and serve.

MULLED FRUIT JUICE

2½ cups canned apple juice
12 whole cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup cherry juice
1 3-inch stick cinnamon

Empty the juice into a saucepan and add the spices. Heat to boiling and simmer for 5 minutes. Strain and serve piping hot. Eight servings.

Variation: Other canned juices may be combined and used, or a single juice may be mulled.

APPLE-SAUCE SHERBET

¾ cup sugar
⅓ cup water
1 tablespoon corn syrup
Few grains salt
2 egg whites
1 pint apple sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine the sugar, water, corn syrup, and salt, and boil until syrup will spin a thread. Beat the egg whites until stiff; pour the syrup into them beating all the time. Fold the apple sauce, lemon juice, and vanilla into the egg-white mixture. Pour into a freezing tray of mechanical refrigerator. Turn the regulator of the refrigerator to lowest freezing point and freeze mixture to the mushy stage. Remove and beat (in the tray) with a rotary beater until smooth. Return to refrigerator and finish freezing. May be frozen in an ice-cream freezer. Six to eight servings.

SANDWICHES

Sandwiches may be made of two or more layers of bread sliced extra thin, cut in interesting shapes. Three-layer, fingered length sandwiches, alternating brown and white bread, are attractive.

Open-face sandwiches omit the top slice of bread.

Rolled sandwiches: Cut a thin slice of not-too-fresh bread, spread with filling, roll and tie with narrow ribbon.

Pinwheel sandwiches are made by removing the crust from a sandwich loaf, spreading the entire top with a bright colored cheese mixture, then cutting a thin slice the entire length of the top of the loaf. Roll, wrap in a damp cloth, chill. Slice in round, thin discs.

Canapes are made from stale, white bread cut in small, fancy shapes, sauteed or simply toasted on both sides, then spread with some piquant mixture.

SANDWICH AND CANAPE SPREADS

Deviled Chicken (or Ham)

½ cup minced chicken (or ham)
2 chopped, hard-cooked eggs
3 tablespoons minced, green pepper
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
2 teaspoons mayonnaise

Piquant Mixture

2 tablespoons chopped pimientos
2 tablespoons chopped, sweet pickles
4 tablespoons chopped celery
1 teaspoon mayonnaise
1 tablespoon prepared mustard

Literature

THE MODERN NOVEL

Lesson 8

Song of Years and Summary of Entire Course

(Tuesday, May 20, 1941)

LESSON TOPICS:

1. Brief review
2. The plot of the novel
3. The theme of the novel
4. Some selected quotations
5. Statements about the course

REVIEW

In the last lesson, the author o

Song of Years, Bess Streeter Aldrich, was introduced, and mention was made of others of her novels which have contributed to the pleasure and cultural growth of the readers.

The setting of the story of *Song of Years* was discussed—the fact that the old home region of the author afforded the background for this story, and that the time was the important Civil War period in American history. The relationship between setting and character was mentioned, and the similarity was drawn between the pioneer setting of *Song of Years* and conditions in our own pioneer days in Utah.

The chief characters were named, and some of their outstanding traits were mentioned: Wayne Lockwood who came from the East to find land he could call his own; Suzanne Martin, youngest of the seven Martin sisters, a tender friend, who, though a dreamer, had the courage to claim her own happiness when the great moment of Wayne's belated return from war came; her father, lovable Jeremiah, who was always talking, always helping someone, always working for American dreams; her mother, Sarah, who was sharp-tongued, scolding, but a genuine, capable, efficient helpmeet under pioneering conditions. Besides these, there are many minor characters in the book, each a distinct personality, contributing something to our knowledge of human nature and adding interest to the novel.

PLOT

Song of Years is the story of the growth of a part of America during a critical period in the history of the nation. It is also, fictionally, the love story of Suzanne Martin. The novel begins with a description of Red Cedar Valley in which nearly a century ago lay the tiny settlements from which grew two modern cities Then we are taken to a cemetery, between the two cities, where the first settlers had been laid to rest. The author says that because those buried there were all related by blood or neighborhood ties, the life of one in its bare outline was the life of all. "But what of those other things—the loving, hating, feuding—all of the emotions that were stilled when the last old settler was brought here?" In the light of those, "The life of one can never be the life of all."

We are invited to read the names on the headstones. On one is the inscription: "Suzanne, Beloved Wife of," with the rest of the inscription overcovered with woodbine. "Reading the inscription chiseled long ago, it seems of such small consequence whose name is hidden under the vines. But, oh, to Suzanne it mattered so very, very much. This is the love story of the Suzanne who lies here by the side of the curving graveled path."

The story then begins with the coming to Red Cedar Valley, in 1854, of Wayne Lockwood, who traveled long miles with his dreams to a new land. Almost as soon as he claims his land with his unique marriage ceremony, he meets the man who is to be his antagonist throughout the story. Cady Bedson wants the same land Wayne has just "married." Later, he also wants the same woman—and he almost gets both.

Suzanne rides with her father to welcome the young stranger to Red Cedar Valley, and from her first

sight of the strong-limbed, clear-eyed young homesteader she begins to build castles in the air in which he figures. Wayne's acceptance of Suzanne merely as a little friend to whom he can confide even his infatuation for another girl and whom he can use as a messenger to promote his love for the aristocratic Carlie only adds to the intensity of Suzanne's inner conflict. Her discovery that her own sister Emily also loves him brings another element into her struggle.

When Wayne's infatuation for a time dominates him so that it dulls his sense of patriotism to the point that he can see others going to fight for their country but will not himself volunteer, Suzanne is troubled. The climax of the story comes with Suzanne's discovery of Carlie's duplicity, her use of Wayne as a blind to her parents in order that she may consummate an elopment with a former lover of whom they disapprove.

Suzanne's desire to save Wayne from the hurt of his loss of Carlie reveals her depth of character and the quality of her own love. One of the highlights of the story is the scene in which Suzanne struggles through the terrific storm to get to Wayne so he can save his sheep. Half frozen and exhausted when she reaches him, she is forced, because of the wildness of the storm, to remain in his cabin all night. The delicate way in which the author handles this situation—Wayne caring for Suzanne as her father or brother would have done, despite the fact that he discovers that he loves her — shows Mrs. Aldrich's mastery of her art.

Then comes Wayne's awakening, symbolized by the theme in "The Song of a Thousand Years." H sings the song after the fundame tals of his character begin to shap themselves into their old unity fo lowing the chaos of his experienc with Carlie. His enlistment an departure for war, the momentar pause of the train when he kisse Suzanne goodbye, later the repo of his death, Suzanne's long month of silent suffering, her final conser to marry Cady, and the quick final in which Wayne unexpectedly re turns home on the night of her wed ding and Suzanne eagerly rushes t his cabin to claim her belated hap piness are the incidents which form the skeleton of the plot. There ar many other threads interwoven i the story. As the author says in th first chapter: "This is the love stor of Suzanne . . . (but) the tellin must include, perforce, the story o those others who lie beside her a the end of the trail."

THE THEME

By the theme of a novel is mean the central idea which the story un folds or the center of interest aroun which it is built. In this novel, th title and the theme are climaxe in the song Wayne is heard singin when the story is more than three fourths told, "The Song of a Thou sand Years." The Martins are gath ered around the lighted lamps, Sara is sewing carpet rags, Martin is read ing the news that more troops hav been called for, the girls are busy a various homely tasks. "There wa only silence now. Sarah had n acid to feed the monster that la crouching there in the south. . . Suzanne, leaning against the doo had been hearing for some time wha suddenly they all stopped to hea

Wayne Lockwood singing—Wayne who had not sung for so long a time:

"Tell the great world these blessed tidings;
Yes and be sure the bondsman hears:
Tell the oppressed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

"What if the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky when morn appears,
When the bright sun that tints them crimson
Rises to shine a thousand years.

"Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers.
Oh, for the faith of him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years."

To each of those listening, the song touched the spring of some hidden dream that linked them with the world of the ideal. To Jeremiah, it was a song of patriotism, giving faith that everything would come out all right. To Sarah, it was a song of memory, opening her eyes to a beauty in her hard life she had never seen before. To Emily, it was a prayer that life would not pass her by. To Phoebe Lou, it was a thanksgiving for her son and a dedication to his future. To the singer himself, it was a song of strength, stripping from him the weaknesses which had fettered him. To Suzanne, it was a song of love, exalting her emotion to any needed sacrifice.

And so "The Song of a Thousand Years" brought to the characters who heard it, and brings to the readers who share their reactions, a realization of the idealism which is woven in subdued colors all through the tapestry of this story. That is the value this book gives in a time when we are in sore need of such a value. Never has the world been in greater need of faith and dreams, of something above and beyond the terrifying surfaces of life to reach for and cling to. Literature which helps to give that needed succor to floundering souls has a place beside the greatest. So when a critic declares this novel to be "a story of neighborly kindness, of simple faith, profoundly *feminine fiction*," perhaps he is unconsciously paying the book, and the women who like it, a real compliment.

CHOICE QUOTATIONS

There are many splendid passages in the novel worthy of note because of their sound and wholesome philosophy, their humor, and their stylistic charm. A few examples follow:

Again and again Jeremiah says to his children: "This is what I always want you children to remember. Pull yourselves on through. No matter what you get stuck in. . . . Do your own thinkin'—your own decidin' . . . then put your neck to the yoke and do your own pullin'."

After Jeremiah has been nominated as state representative, he returns home from the convention and casually reports the other nominations. Sarah says she thought the most important office was that of the representative. "It was," he agrees. "Didn't they nominate?" "They did." "Well, is it a big secret? Did they make you promise not to tell? . . . Who is he?" "Madame, you have slept with him for thirty-two years."

The first break in the Martin family comes with the marriage of Phoebe. Suzanne thinks of this change in their happy relationships. "She could hear the prolonged plaintive wail of a mourning-dove, thinking again as she ran how you never noticed their call unless you

were sad. . . . Why, maybe they would *never* all be together again after tonight. . . . *Never!* Her hand was at her throat which was throbbing as though it were trying to answer the mourning-dove's call."

SUMMARY OF SOME POINTS IN THE COURSE

The eight lessons on the three novels which comprise the course suggest some of the values to be had from a study of literature. As was stated in the beginning, the great inclusive value we get from reading is a broadening of our limited experiences in life through the opportunity of sharing vicariously the experiences of artists who see more deeply and truly into life and feel more intensively than we do. The value of each such experience rests, ordinarily, upon its complexity — whether or not it adds something to the experiences we already have had. Great masterpieces are said to have intellectual, emotional, and ethical values in the experiences recorded. That is, we learn facts which widen our intellectual horizons, such as facts about a past period of time, facts about the manners, customs, and ideals of people remote from us in time or space. We have our emotions deepened by sharing the feelings of characters who are stirred by the great fundamental passions we may never actually know, such as the agony of a misguided girl like Hetty Sorrel in *Adam Bede* or the remorse of a father who has embittered his own and his son's life because of a deformity, as did Matthew Howard in *The Tree of Liberty*, or the joy of a girl like Suzanne in *Song of Years*, who has mourned the loss of the dearest one in life and has him restored as from the dead. We have our ethical sense made more clear and meaningful by seeing the courage of men and women fighting and sacrificing for their principles, as did Jefferson, Peyton and others in *The Tree of Liberty* and as Adam Bede and Dinah Morris did in *Adam Bede*. As stated by Matthew Arnold, great writers "see life steadily and see it whole." Reading their transcriptions of life should help us to see it so.

If literature is thus closely related to life, why not let it give us of its values? When we read a poem why not ask, "What value did I get from that besides the pleasure of the music or imagery?" Perhaps one answer would be, "It has given me an outlet for my own emotions. I have often felt that way, but I didn't know how to say it." Perhaps another answer might be, "It has helped me to see a new glory or a profound meaning in something commonplace. I would never have noticed this had the poet not pointed it out to me." When dramas and novels are read perhaps we can say, "I understand people better for having perceived the motives which made these created characters what they are. I even understand myself better, my prejudices and hopes." Maybe we may say, "This piece of literature holds up before me an ideal—if not a great ideal to guide my whole life, at least a lesser one, a little candle to light a day or an hour."

Only if we consciously seek for the values to be found in the reading of good literature shall we find them. The same book may be read to fill an idle hour and forgotten, or it may be read with a purpose which may

give us a new meaning and appreciation for the best that life offers.

Study Helps

1. A number of the most interesting episodes in the book might be assigned to be given in detail. The following are suggested: Wayne's determined trip to Dubuque to register for his land, related in chapters 2 and 3; the Indian scare, related in chapters 8 and 15; hard times, told in chapter 17; Suzanne's experience in the storm, chapter 31.

2. Discuss some of the interesting evolutions recorded; such as, lighting—from candles to gas, transportation, education, etc.

3. Describe some of the household tasks pictured in the novel, or other social customs almost unknown to us now; such as, weddings, Christmas festivities, etc.

4. Discuss the influence of such a book as *Song of Years* on the average reader as compared with that of some stark naturalistic novel of which there are so many.

5. What in the study of the three novels of the course has been particularly pleasing or stimulating to you?

Social Service

EDUCATION FOR FAMILY LIFE

Lesson 7

Family Relationships

Do Our Neighbors Like Us?

(Tuesday, May 27, 1941)

THAT the attitude our neighbors have toward us is important is implied in our willingness to give serious consideration to the subject. Parallel with our concern as to whether our neighbors like us should come equal regard for the nature of our attitudes toward our neighbors, since the attitude of neighborliness is founded upon a relationship of interdependence and reciprocity.

Unless we wish to live isolated lives, we must look upon neighbors as one of the inevitables of life much as we look upon taxes and death. At no period has it been more obvious than at the present time that we cannot live and let the rest of the world go by.

E. A. Ross tells us that in more primitive times the neighbor (the nigh one) was looked upon as man's natural succor and defender. The greater the danger felt by householders from sheep stealers, cattle rustlers, horse thieves, robbers, etc., the sharper was their sense of dependence upon one another, the more united they became, and the stronger was their loyalty to the group.

Nowhere can we find more appealing examples of genuine neighborliness than are recorded in the history of our own Pioneers. It is doubtful that they could have succeeded in laying so firm a foundation for our great state without the actual practices based on the true spirit of neighborliness, which was one of the outstanding characteristics of their daily lives.

True, times have changed. The advancement in the means of communication and transportation have

resulted in compulsory changes in all human relationships, and in none more than in neighborly relationships. Today instead of "running in" to chat with a neighbor for a few minutes, we get in our car and drive several miles to say "how do you do" to a friend, or we pass on some bit of news over the telephone to friends living miles away. The Lynds in *Middletown* report the wife of one of the workers as saying, "Our neighbors used to be good friends, and we had lots of good times together, but in the last seven or eight years all that's gone. People don't pay much attention to each other any more."

We are not criticizing such practices and surely do not wish to imply a desire to return to an earlier period of cultural development, but we do wish to emphasize the fact that neighbors are inevitable; that they constitute an important factor in our environment; that they exert a powerful influence over the development of our children; that this influence may be harmful or beneficial according to whether the attitudes are positive or negative; that the influence exists in spite of the fact that we may not be neighborly with our neighbors, and that in every neighborhood there are problems that can be solved only through the cooperation of everyone.

In a study made of the special problems of city living, sponsored by the Child Study Association of America, one-half of the 188 families interviewed reported that they selected their present dwellings because of the desirability of the neighborhood. A desirable neighborhood to most of these mothers meant one which provided children with whom they were willing to have their ow children associate. Many famili admitted that they had accepted se eral inconveniences within the hou in order that they might live in desirable neighborhood.

As previously indicated, we ma refrain from being neighborly wit our neighbors by ignoring them by showing antagonistic attitude but that does not alter the fact tha they influence our lives. Living nea people without neighboring wit them is likely to beget bickering. it is necessary for parents to explai to their children why they do nc associate with their neighbors, it wi probably be difficult for those pa ents to instill into the minds an hearts of their children the principle of cooperation, toleration, unselfish ness, the spirit of community we fare, and other principles and att tudes fundamental to successful liv ing in a democracy.

Is there a neighborhood to b found in which there are not prob lems pertaining to health, housing recreation, education, sanitatio beautification, and so forth? Th extent to which any problem in neighborhood can be solved depend largely upon the degree of cooper tion of neighbors. Only through a quaintance may an understanding b built up among those who shoul cooperate in order to cope wit neighborhood problems.

We have attempted to establis the fact that neighbors are inevi able and that they constitute an im portant factor in our social enviro ment. Now we suggest that of a our human relationships those whic are most satisfying and which serv as a source of joy and pleasure i our lives are those in which we fin

a generous offering of harmonious cooperation directed toward the common welfare. Therefore, our neighbors must cooperate with us and we must cooperate with our neighbors if we are to like them and enjoy daily life in the particular neighborhood in which we live.

In evaluating ourselves as neighbors we might ask ourselves the following questions:

1. Do I impose upon my neighbors either in appropriating too much of their time or material things?
2. Do I know how and when to accept favors from my neighbors and how to repay them?
3. Do I cause my neighbors to feel obligated to me by forcing favors upon them?
4. How do I get along with the children in the neighborhood?
5. Am I too intimate with my neighbors, realizing that too many of my neighbors' confidences may spoil friendship later on?
6. Do my neighbors think I am a snob?
7. Do I appreciate my neighbors for what they are, or do I tend to put them in a category according to what they have?
8. Do I forgive the trespasses of the children of my neighbors as I expect them to forgive the trespasses of my own children?
9. Do I "knock" my neighborhood and at the same time refuse to cooperate in attempting to improve conditions?
10. Am I willing to go fifty per cent of the way (or even seventy-five per cent if necessary) to become acquainted with my neighbors?

These are only a few of the questions which we should consider if we are interested in and appreciate the values that we may enjoy from being a member of a neighborly neighborhood.

Also, we may profit much from considering behavior that is responsible for the lack of neighborly relations. We suggest a few neighborhood antagonizers sometimes perpetrated by thoughtless and inconsiderate neighbors:

1. Turning on the radio double forte volume late at night or early in the morning.
2. Honking an automobile horn late at night or early in the morning.
3. "Running in" to use the telephone while the family is having a meal or after the family has retired, or imposing upon the family by using the telephone too frequently.
4. Permitting our children to run across neighbors' gardens or porches, or to play in their yard uninvited.
5. Permitting our dogs or other animals to trespass on our neighbors' property.
6. Constantly reporting trifling misdemeanors of children to their parents.
7. Having uncovered garbage containers in our yard or throwing garbage about in the yard which draws flies and causes disagreeable odors.
8. Making an unnecessary noise when returning home during the late night or early morning hours.
9. Leaving the automobile in a driveway supposed to be used by others.
10. Criticizing the manner in which our neighbors manage their children and telling them how much better we do the job.
11. Eavesdropping on our neighbors and repeating what we hear or see to others.
12. Being careless by permitting unsightly and hazardous conditions to exist in our own yard which serve as a constant menace to the children in the neighborhood.

The following are a few practices which have resulted in promoting neighborly good will:

1. Mrs. A reported that the group of mothers in her neighborhood whose children played together agreed that they would not report the little things children did, but the mother in whose yard the difficulty arose would handle the situation
2. Mrs. B's family has necessarily moved frequently because of the nature of Mr. B's occupation. She has followed the rule, when moving into a new neighborhood, of listening with great discrimination to what she is told about various people who live in nearby houses. She is very suspi-

cious of the neighbor who wants to tell her about all the other neighbors, because such a one usually has an ax to grind.

3. Mrs. C lives in a neighborhood in which there are no available houses for rent, few changes have occurred as far as mobility is concerned within the last fifteen years. The families are all friendly, and Mrs. C thinks the agreement they have in regard to borrowing contributes much to their friendly relationship. The rule they follow is: "Never borrow unless necessary and always pay back as soon as possible."

4. Mrs. D lives in a neighborhood similar to the one Mrs. C lives in. The unique practice in the D group is to have two neighborhood parties each year—a picnic party in the summer with parents and children, and a dinner party for parents only during the month of December. The December party is held at one of the homes, and everyone helps with the preparation of the dinner. Often neighborly "get-togethers" are held in addition to the two traditional events.

5. Mrs. E suggests that cooperation and uniformity among parents concerning the use of the automobiles by the children has increased unity and friendliness in her neighborhood. This particular problem was acute because five families who owned automobiles had sons and daughters between the ages of 15 and 17 years, all of whom were "pals." She said the result of coming to an agreement in regard to one problem stimulated similar action concerning other common problems.

6. An unusually interesting practice is that in the F neighborhood. Mr. F's inheritance was sufficient to provide opportunities for the proper rearing of four sons and a daughter. However, the reputation of the neighborhood in which he had to live was not very good. Because of the activities of a more or less unruly gang of boys who dominated a small park and playground located in the center of the district, it was known as an undesirable neighborhood for any youngster not a member of the gang. A careful survey of the situation convinced the F family that the advantages of living in their newly-acquired home were greater than the disadvantages, since the negative aspects seemed to consist largely of a social problem which could be remedied. The task of handling the human relationship problems was assigned to Mrs. F. Briefly, this is what she did: After securing all the formation possible about each member the gang and their activities, she contac the gang through seeking its assistan in finding the parties guilty of using backyard as a dumping ground for tin ca etc. She stressed her inability to solve problem because of her ignorance of thin concerning the neighborhood, and ability of the gang to handle it beca of its knowledge of conditions and influence in the area. Immediately gc cooperation was forthcoming, and soon t problem was successfully solved. Th she sought the advice and help of the ga in assisting her two eldest sons to plan a construct a tennis court in the back ya Its cooperation was further sought in oth things. Soon the two F boys had a ratl high status of membership in the gan Mrs. F cautiously moved step by step w ning her way into the confidence of t gang. As soon as she thought it advisab she suggested some kind of a junior co munity organization for dealing with neig borhood problems of all types. A pl evolved gradually as interest increas among adults as well as youngsters. M F contributed much time and energy the beginning, but later her responsibilit were decreased, because the gang decid to elect one adult man and one adu woman every six months to serve as cou selors in the respective positions designat as Big Chief and Great Dame. (These a probably not titles adults would have cho en, but they are titles that stand for dign ty and respect as far as the youngsters a concerned.) It was not until the secon year that girls were given any considerati and the position of Great Dame was cr ated. Space does not permit a detail account of the activities of the grou suffice it to say that Mrs. F says the a mosphere of the neighborhood has com pletely changed, neighborhood pride tak first rank as the outstanding attitude each member of the gang, and no proble seems too great for them to concern them selves with. In addition to making th environment of the neighborhood safer an more desirable, the children are learnin first hand a great deal concerning the a of living.

In the interest of space, eve though it be at the expense of unit

we conclude with a quotation on gossip from James Lee Ellenwood's book, *There's No Place Like Home*, pp. 113-114: "Should we gossip about our neighbors? Surely. Why not? Without malice, of course, but frankly. If somewhere a baby is coming, if Eddie has a new job . . . if . . . company is visiting the Brown's . . . we should mention it. Most of us have some 'Walter Winchell' in us, and I never believe people who say, 'I never gossip.' Nor is it true that the best gossip takes place in the rural community. City people are experts, too. In our house, Grandma is the most delightful observer and reporter. She has done more to interest me in the neighbors than any admonition on neighborliness. . . . She never gossips outside the family, and she punctuates her observations with chuckles, never sneers. Because we talk about our neighbors, we all know they talk about us, and that makes us a bit more careful."

Problems and Questions

1. Give suggestions on how each of the ten neighborhood antagonizers listed might be corrected without causing neighborhood friction. If you were the guilty neighbor, how would you react to the suggestions given by the class for correcting these problems?

2. If a neighbor is very undesirable to you, what course should you pursue? Why is it impossible to shut out his influence by merely refusing to be neighborly? What is our responsibility to the undesirable neighbor?

3. If a neighbor imposes upon your neighborliness, what may be done to prevent this and at the same time retain his friendship?

4. Select from your own experience a neighborhood problem that has been successfully solved and relate how this was accomplished.

5. What do you consider the outstanding characteristics of a good neighbor? How may these be developed?

6. Make a list of values that accrue from living among good neighbors.

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Mission

LATTER-DAY SAINT CHURCH HISTORY

(To be used by missions in lieu of Literature, if so desired)

Lesson XVII

The Building of a Commonwealth

(Tuesday, May 20, 1941)

HOW would you like to perform a little experiment that will help you in your study of this lesson?

You live in a civilized land. But you inherited most, if not all, of the things which surround you in

your town or state or nation. And now you are to learn how one of the important commonwealths in the United States was established. How was it done? How was your own commonwealth built up in the beginning?

Suppose, then, you take a pencil and paper and set down one by one the things you think should go into the making of a commonwealth like the one you are living in. What would be the very first necessity? the second? the third? and so on. It would be better, of course, if you would join with some others to do this, for then you would have the benefit of their thinking and judgment. The items should be set down on paper, because that would impress them on your mind.

This experiment would give you two benefits: first, it would enable you to understand and appreciate what is to follow in this lesson more than you could do otherwise; second, you would be in a better position to tell what is important as compared with what is unimportant in community life.

Should you do what is here suggested, it would be better for you to do it before you read the rest of this lesson.

LET us first get straight in our minds some of the facts concerning the early population of Utah, the new mountain home of the Mormon people.

In the lesson just before this, you were told that during the winter of 1848-49 there were between four and five thousand people in the Salt Lake Valley. The population did not stay at this figure very long, as you may know, for there were tens of thousands of men, women, an children along the Missouri and b tween the Mississippi and Missou Rivers, waiting for an opportuni to go to the new home. But it w not advisable for them to go the too fast, for reasons which you ca easily guess.

Three companies arrived in th Valley from the East in the fall 1849, and several companies durin the following year. The immigr tion continued till all the temporar settlements on the Missouri Riv were abandoned. But it took man years to accomplish this, because a fast as one group left for the moun tains, its place would be take by converts from England, Scotland and Wales. In 1849, for instanc eight ships, carrying 1,720 Latter-da Saints, arrived from the Old World

At first, of course, the immigran came across the plains in covere wagons. This cost money, and man of the Saints were poor. So, i 1849, what was afterwards known a the Perpetual Immigration Fun was established. It had for its pu pose, first, the removal to the moun tains of the Saints exiled from Ill nois, who desired to gather to th main body of the Church, and afte wards to extend aid to the poo Saints throughout the world. It wa called by this name because it wa a revolving fund—loaned to an then paid back by the borrowers.

Some of the Saints were even to poor to take advantage of this Func hence, handcarts were devised fo use in crossing the plains. These ca ried what provisions were needed and they were either pushed or pul ed. The men, women and th larger children walked all the wa

to the new home. As a matter of fact, many women and most of the men walked the entire distance to the Valley even when they traveled with wagons. The Handcart companies got along very well on the whole, but one company, which started late, got caught in the mountains by a severe storm and many of the Saints perished. Those who survived the storm were rescued by men and teams from Salt Lake City. Thus the State of Deseret, or Utah, was peopled.

THE first necessity of the Saints in the Valley was food. The settlers had to raise their own food and make the cloth which went into their clothes. It early became necessary to send people into other parts of the country to settle and to cultivate the soil.

Salt Lake Valley was near the mountains and about seventeen miles east of Great Salt Lake. Much of the land, however, was too dry and alkaline to cultivate. But north of this valley was another, the Weber, and north of that was Cache Valley. South of the Salt Lake Valley was the Provo Valley, and south and east of that other valleys—the Sanpete and the Juab, for instance. West and south of Salt Lake Valley was Tooele Valley. One of the first things done, therefore, was to send people into these and other places to colonize.

In all these valleys, people set to work raising grain, hay, and vegetables for themselves and their animals. They had to irrigate the land sometimes before it could be plowed, but always afterward. To do this, they had to dig canals and ditches to carry the water from the mountain streams on to the land. On more than one occasion crickets and grasshoppers threatened the crops; but with the cultivation of several valleys at the same time, the settlers were able to raise enough food for themselves—more than the pests could destroy.

Sheep furnished wool for clothing. The wool was treated by hand and then made into suits of clothes for the men and dresses for the women. Women in many parts of the Territory made their own hats, coloring them with homemade dyes. Gradually, however, factories and mills were built in all the valleys where the people had settled. It was the policy of the Church authorities to urge the Saints to become as self-supporting as possible under the circumstances.

WE have learned that the first winter the Saints were in the Salt Lake Valley, a government was set up and that it was mainly religious.

In 1849 the State of Deseret was established. "Deseret" is a *Book of Mormon* word and means "honeybee." Brigham Young was elected governor. Two years later, however, the State of Deseret was made into a territory—Utah—by the Federal Government. The word "Utah" means "high up," and fitted the place and the object of the Saints in coming here. Again the governor was Brigham Young, but some of the officials were from outside the Territory—which caused trouble later. The Mormons wanted statehood, but for various reasons they did not get it.

The *Deseret News* began its publication in June, 1850. About the

same time, the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah, was established. It is the oldest school of its kind west of the Mississippi River. Its first president was Orson Spencer, a former Baptist minister and a college graduate with a Master's degree. Already a home dramatic organization had been created in the Salt Lake Valley to furnish amusement for the public and to provide an outlet for dramatic talent. The first public building in the Valley was a bowery. This was made of upright poles and covered with tree branches and leaves. In it were held religious services, political gatherings, and plays. It was, therefore, a church, a courthouse, and a theater all in one. This was also true of meeting places in other settlements. Schools were conducted also in all of the settlements. Some of the communities had brass bands. In Salt Lake City there was Pitt's band, an organization that had furnished music in Nauvoo. All its members had been converted to Mormonism in London at the same time.

Such, then, in brief, was the course of development in the Mormon colony established in Utah: first, food, clothing and shelter; then, government and schools; last of all, amusements and entertainment.

RELIGIOUS matters were not neglected. It was religion that had brought the Latter-day Saints to what they called "the valleys of the mountains."

Brigham Young was made President of the Church in December, 1847. He chose as his counselors Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards. All three had been in the quorum of Apostles. This left three vacancies in that group. As one of the Apostles had not thought enough of the Church to go West with the body of the organization, he was dropped from his position. These four vacancies were filled by Charles C. Rich, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow, and Franklin D. Richards. A council house was erected in Salt Lake City in which the authorities met for consultations. Other offices, too, were filled; for instance, the position of Presiding Patriarch was filled by the selection of John Smith.

Then the Church abroad required attention. At a General Conference of the Church, held in 1849, missionaries were sent to Great Britain, France, Italy, and to the Pacific Islands. Some of these—France and Italy, for instance—were new fields; others, like Great Britain and the Islands, were old fields. Missionaries were also continuing to preach in all of the states of the Union.

Thus the spreading of the Gospel abroad and the establishment of it at home went on at the same time that the Saints were trying to found a new state in the mountains under hard conditions.

Questions

1. Tell about the various companies that came into Utah during the first years of its settlement.
2. How much can you tell about the way they traveled?
3. Describe the Handcart companies. Why was the handcart mode of travel adopted? For what purpose was the Perpetual Emigration Fund created?
4. Tell about some of the valleys to which the immigrants went.
5. Tell about (a) the *Deseret News*, (b) the University of Utah, (c) the Dramatic Association.

6. What does the word "Deseret" ıean? the word "Utah"?

7. Tell about what was done at home ıd abroad religiously.

Hymn to be Sung or Read

It is suggested that the hymn, "Ye lders of Israel," be sung or read. This oem was written by Cyrus H. Wheelock. e was born in New York State, in 1813, ıd became a member of the Church hen he was twenty-six. He lived to be eighty-one years old. The hymn has always been a favorite with the Saints because it expresses the idea of gathering. In the early Utah period, the Saints were advised to gather to the new home. The hymn speaks of (1) the need for gathering the righteous, (2) the ripeness of the harvest, and (3) the places to go for converts.

(Note: Map printed in July, 1939, issue of the *Magazine* is to be used in teaching Church History lessons.)

Pictures Through Life's Window— A Girl Of Yesterday

A Short, Short Story, *by G. H. Williams*

A LOVELY girl, small for her eighteen years, stood under the beech trees of one of Engnd's beautiful, old estates. Her ıze wandered over the smooth wn that reached down to a tiny ke sparkling and gleaming in the ›ring sunshine. Bright flowers and ıoice roses bordered the walks. oft music drifted from within the ne, old house.

The girl, dressed in lavender silk, ith tiny lavender slippers and para›l to match, had just returned from social engagement. She paused, ; she so often did, to admire the ›vely place of her birth—her home, ıe home of her father and his faıer's father.

How she loved it! What treasured ıemories and traditions clung about

"I wonder if anything can ever ›mpt me to leave it," she murmured.

A tall, young man, wearing a "Prince Albert" coat and high silk hat, approached unnoticed. He carried missionary tracts and a *Book of Mormon*.

His appearance startled the girl, and her small hands, like white butterflies, fluttered to her heart.

He looked into violet eyes filled with laughter.

"I am sorry if I frightened you, but I have a message to deliver," he said.

A YOUNG wife, small to be pulling the heavy handcart with her husband, walked mile after weary mile over plains and mountains, until finally they entered a valley that looked barren and desolate in the heat of the summer sunshine.

"Will Father ever forgive me?" the weary girl asked her husband.

"I hope so, dear," he murmured, seeing the brave, violet eyes filmed with tears, the small hands brown

and calloused, the clothes tattered and worn.

A YOUNG mother, dressed in rough homespun, rocked a home-made cradle in a crude, log cabin. Her hands flew like brown moths over her work as the shining knitting needles flashed in and out.

Autumn sunshine slanted through the tiny window, making patterns on the earthen floor.

The violet eyes were filled with faith and sweet contentment, as she sang an English lullaby to the sleeping babe.

Wild roses grew beside the door.

AN old lady, small and bent with her eighty years, sat before an open fireplace.

Flowers bloomed in a window b Outside, the shrubs and flowers w covered with snow.

Winter sunshine g l i m m e r through a large window and form a halo of her silvery hair.

Her hands, like brown, withe blossoms, lay on an open book completed genealogy.

The eyes that had been violet w faded and dim.

She looked at the aged m dreaming before the radio that fil the room with soft strains of *Lo Old Sweet Song.*

Closing the *Book of Remembra* with a small sigh of contentment, said, "It was worth the sorrow a hardship."

PARTY DRESS

Lucille Waters Mattson

There now, house,
You're all dressed up for company.
But remember, house,
And wear your dress nonchalantly.

Be careful not to show
The mending in the tapestry
Or let them know
Your silent dignity
Is all veneer.

Don't for a moment, let them guess
The sighs and tears,
The agony and happiness
You've held inside.

And when the party's over, then
We'll laugh
And be ourselves again!

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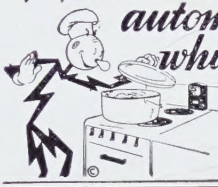

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